Charles E. Coughlin
Gerald L. K. Smith

WHO PAYS THEM?

AN EXPOSE BY JOHN L. SPIVAK

★NEW MASSES

APRIL 14, 1942 15c

LOCK THEM UP! MR. BIDDLE

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Between Ourselves

WE HOPE you won't mind too much waiting one week more for the promised article, the first of a series, by Joseph North—"America at War." It had to be postponed until the next issue, but we can say for certain that it will appear then. And we can also say that you will find it worth waiting for. The subject itself is, of course, as rich and vital a one as you can find today. Through the medium of reportage, North will present this subject in terms of what people are doing and thinking in the major industrial centers of America—with emphasis on the people in factories. How are they trying to step up war production, what have they done already to speed the output of arms against the Axis? To answer questions like these, NM's editor has talked with typical working class Americans and with some of the employers, with the citizens of industrial towns, and so on. His first report, appearing next week, will be from New Jersey.

The thick slice of John L. Spivak's expose which appears in this issue is still not the whole dish. In the next issue Spivak will serve up new facts about the Ku Klux Klan. Included in his next article is an interview with Imperial Wizard Colescott of the Klan.

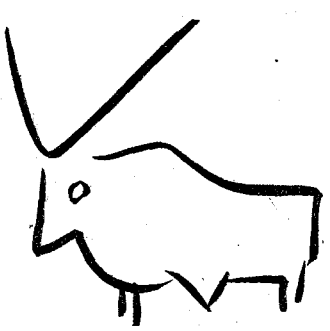
OUR greatest hope for NM's third annual art auction was that it would come off as well as the one last year. It came off even better. For the second time we have to hold a "repeat" because there were too many pieces to be auctioned off in one afternoon and too many would-be buyers who didn't get their chance at certain things they especially wanted. At the auction held last Sunday a number of artists themselves participated in the bidding, knowing very well what fine work was "going, going, *gone*" under the auctioneer's gavel. Those who wielded the gavel, spelling each other for the six-hour stretch, were Isobel Walker Soule, Mike Gold, members of the NM staff, and art critics. (Nicky Gold, Mike's five-year-old son, was among the most interested observers, gravely scrutinizing each piece of art and passing silent judgment.)

Of course it's the artists who get full credit for the success of the occasion. Nearly 150 of them contributed their work to help sustain the magazine. It's hard to tell you just what this means to NM, not only financially, but as an indication of the sort of support which friends of the magazine are capable of giving. The second auction, which really continues this one, will also be held at the ACA Gallery, 26 West 8th St., NYC, on Friday evening, April 24.

This is our last announcement of NM's anti-Cliveden rally—Sunday afternoon, April 12, at New York's Manhattan Center (34th St. and Eighth Ave.). The meeting, which is NM's reply to James Cromwell's $1,000,000 "libel" suit against freedom of the press, is sponsored by many outstanding educators, trade unionists, artists, and writers. Speakers will include Councilman Peter V. Cacchione, Ben Appel, Ruth McKenney, John Wexley, Bruce Minton, John L. Spivak, Prof. Walter Rautenstrauch, lawyers A. J. Isserman and Samuel Neuberger, Frederick Myers, vice-president of the National Maritime Union, and Charles Hendley, president of Teachers Union Local 5. There will be musical entertainment by Marc Blitzstein. Earl Robinson will introduce a new number which he has written in collaboration with John La Touche, sung by the American People's Chorus. Zero Mostel, radio and night-club comedian, will present his "Isolationist Senator." For further details, see page 25.

A READER asked us the other day why NM didn't concentrate on increasing its newsstand sales instead of spending so much effort trying to get subscriptions. It's a fair question and we're glad of the chance to answer it. First of all, we *are* interested in increasing the newsstand sales, and not only for the cash they bring—we're intensely interested in seeing people read the magazine, whether they subscribe, buy it from the stands, borrow it, or read it in a library. However, subscriptions are the steady, consistent life blood of a magazine—the returns that can be counted on, that give stability and assurance to plans for the future. A commercial magazine lives almost entirely on its advertising revenue. NM must rely basically on its circulation income. Moreover, it hasn't the cash to subsidize subscription-getting agencies, or to advertise for subs. Which is where our readers come in. For thirty-one years NM has lived and grown through the efforts of its readers. They have every right to ask us questions like the one we have just answered. We are glad to reply to them. We hope you understand why we are counting on you to build NM circulation. You can do that by sending in two new subs—if others will also send in two news subs. We say two, because that's the number which also entitles you to a free copy of our Quiz Book. The blanks on page 32 are a convenient form for you.

Perhaps after thirty-one years NM is birthday-conscious. At any rate, it is a great pleasure to extend birthday greetings to an anti-fascist contemporary, the *Morning Freiheit*, which last week celebrated its twentieth anniversary. This daily paper in the Yiddish language is justly loved by the Jewish masses not only in this country, but throughout the world. Its editor-in-chief, Paul Novick, and at least two other members of its staff, John Arnold and Nathaniel Buchwald, have contributed at various times to NM.



Who's Who

JOHN L. SPIVAK is America's leading anti-fascist reporter. His articles in NEW MASSES and other publications pioneered the way in exposing Axis agents. He is also the author of several books on Nazi and Japanese espionage. . . . Lenka Reiner is a Czech writer living in Mexico. . . . Norma Sherin has worked in the radio field for several years. . . . Norman Rosten's poem which appears in this issue is part of a book-poem on Spain.

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XLIII, NO. 2

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April 14, 1942

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Goebbels and Goering (otherwise known as Coughlin and Smith) putting on their act at the Townsend convention in 1936. This was the occasion on which Coughlin outraged devout Catholics by pulling off his clerical collar in the midst of a speech.

LOCK THEM UP, MR. BIDDLE

John L. Spivak asks: Who pays for Coughlin's "Social Justice"? Where does Smith get his money for "The Cross and the Flag"? An expose highlighting the dangers to America at war.

DETROIT is the heart of the Midwest war production area which embraces Michigan, Ohio, and northern Indiana. The automobile industry is scheduled to produce one-fifth of all the guns, tanks, planes, and ammunition needed to supply our armed forces and our allies. Obviously it is of utmost importance to keep the production lines in Detroit and Michigan moving without interruption and as rapidly as possible.

That is why the government and all of us ought to be worried over the fact that three mysteriously financed organizations and individuals are making their headquarters in Detroit and are carrying on activities which merit immediate action by the federal authorities. I refer to the Ku Klux Klan, Charles E. Coughlin, and Gerald L. K. Smith.

Recently I went to Detroit to look into the activities of Messrs. Coughlin and Smith and the KKK. First, as to Coughlin. I did a series on him for NEW MASSES something over two years ago. I proved then that Silver Charlie was engaged in common racketeering; "that he has organized profit-making corporations which then sought exemption from taxation; that he has collected money through the United States mails upon his solemn assurance that it was for a 'non-political organization' and then used almost $100,000 of such money to build a political organization . . . and that he has violated the laws of the state of Michigan by failing to turn in certain annual reports dealing with the amount of money his non-profit-making corporations have taken in."

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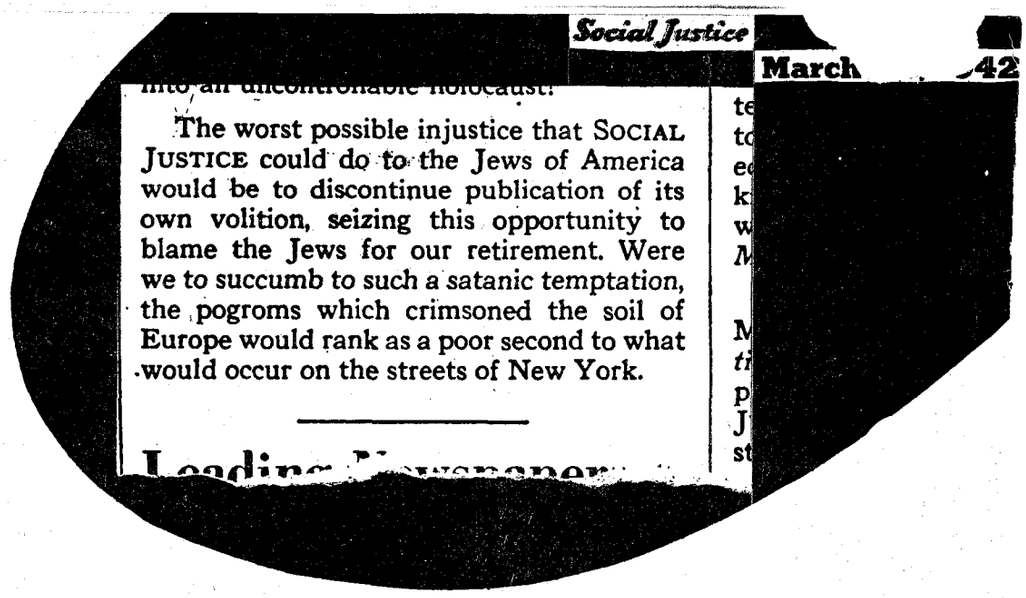
Social Justice
March
42
The worst possible injustice that SOCIAL JUSTICE could do to the Jews of America would be to discontinue publication of its own volition, seizing this opportunity to blame the Jews for our retirement. Were we to succumb to such a satanic temptation, the pogroms which crimsoned the soil of Europe would rank as a poor second to what would occur on the streets of New York.

In its March 30, 1942, issue "Social Justice" threatens the Jews with pogroms if it is banned. Needless to say, the demand that this American edition of Hitler's "Volkischer Beobachter" be silenced has come from many thousands of patriotic non-Jewish Americans.

I also exposed "his anti-Semitic campaign and his secret conferences with Nazi agents and propagandists operating in this country." And I turned over all the documents, letters, and affidavits in my possession to the Post Office Department at its request.

Except for routine inquiries by the Post Office Department, nothing happened. Only recently, however, over two years after I revealed the facts about Coughlin's financial juggling, the state of Michigan began to catch up with him. The Michigan Unemployment Compensation Commission opened hearings to determine whether Coughlin ought to be compelled to pay taxes for the fourteen employes of his Radio League of the Little Flower, which collected money to finance his broadcasts. The League is supposed to be a non-profit-making corporation, but that did not prevent Coughlin from using its funds to gamble on the stock market in 1934, a venture which proved most profitable.

When a magazine which spreads pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic propaganda gets $136,000 from unidentified sources to meet its annual deficit, I think the federal authorities ought to find out who is giving the money and for what purpose. I refer to *Social Justice,* now "owned" by Charles E. Coughlin's father and mother. Let us consider the finances of the publication that spreads this sort of stuff. First, *Social Justice* never paid its way. Several different corporations which Coughlin founded owned the publication at different times. Some of these corporations were big money-getters like the National Union for Social Justice and the Radio League of the Little Flower. The National Union, which sponsored the synthetic candidacy of Lemke for President in 1936, suffered a shattering blow from the Lemke defeat; in recent years it has been completely dormant.

On March 5, 1937, Amy Collins, treasurer of the Social Justice Publishing Co., wrote the Michigan Unemployment Compensation Commission asking for tax exemption on the grounds that *Social Justice* was really owned by a non-profit-making corporation, the Radio League of the Little Flower. A couple of years later, when Coughlin was finally forced to discontinue his pro-fascist radio talks, the League stopped collecting money for broadcasts. But it is still alive and has nice fat assets of $358,008.25 and liabilities amounting to a pinch of salt. At the end of the fiscal year Dec. 31, 1940 (the latest for which a report is available) it had the above sum in the treasury. After several changes in ownership *Social Justice* eventually passed into the hands of Thomas J. and Amelia Frances Coughlin, parents of Charles E. They are the present owners and are listed as the sole stockholders. These alleged owners never knew a thing about the publishing business, nor had they $100,000 or more to sink into a magazine, yet *Social Justice* is theirs, according to the records. Obviously the $136,000 to meet the deficit for 1939 (the latest year for which figures are available) didn't come out of their pockets. And since the Radio League of the Little Flower, under its charter, is not authorized to run a private publishing business with money collected from the public for "non-profit" purposes, the League could not possibly be covering this deficit without being guilty of some very fancy juggling.

The officers of Social Justice Publishing Co. for the year when the magazine made up a deficit of $136,000 were:

President: E. Perrin Schwartz of Royal Oak, Mich. Schwartz gets $100 a week as editor of the magazine and certainly hasn't got over $100,000 to meet the deficit.

Cora Quinlan, secretary and treasurer. This lady is a newcomer to the Coughlin menage of officers and directors. She isn't even listed in the Royal Oak telephone or city directory. If the Coughlin technique of getting officers and directors for his corporations hasn't deteriorated, it's a safe bet that the lady is working at the Shrine of the Little Flower or for one of the Coughlin-founded and controlled corporations and gets about thirty dollars a week or less. The odds that she has $100,000 to pour into the sieve which is *Social Justice* are 1,000,000 to one.

The corporation's directors are Schwartz, Quinlan, and the long suffering Alberta Ward, an underpaid Coughlin employe who has been used before and who definitely hasn't got $100,000 to put into the publishing business annually.

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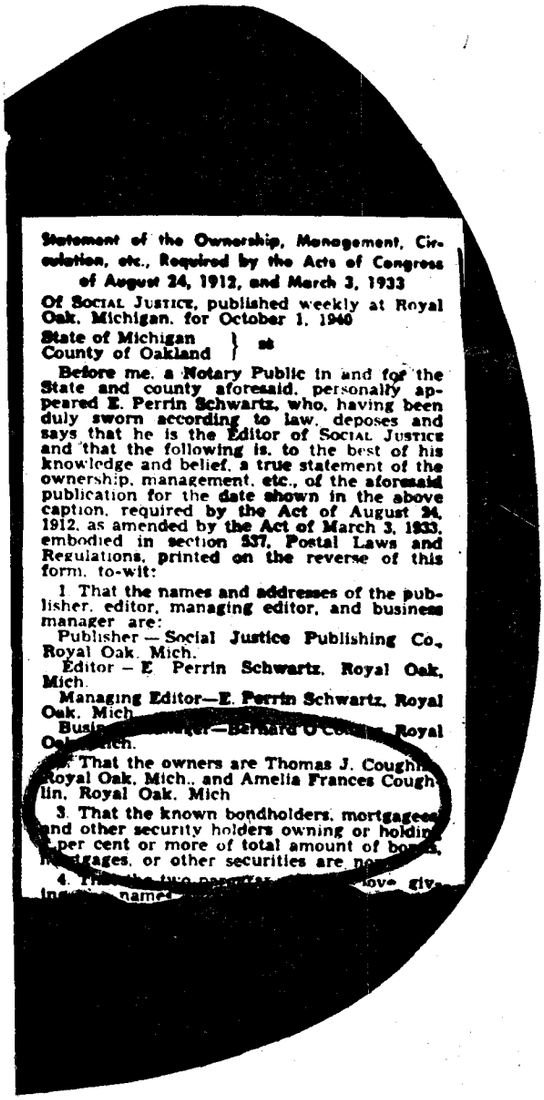

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933

Of SOCIAL JUSTICE, published weekly at Royal Oak, Michigan, for October 1, 1940

State of Michigan } ss
County of Oakland }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. Perrin Schwartz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of SOCIAL JUSTICE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—Social Justice Publishing Co., Royal Oak, Mich.

Editor—E. Perrin Schwartz, Royal Oak, Mich.

Managing Editor—E. Perrin Schwartz, Royal Oak, Mich.

Business Manager—Bernard O'Connell, Royal Oak, Mich.

2. That the owners are Thomas J. Coughlin, Royal Oak, Mich., and Amelia Frances Coughlin, Royal Oak, Mich.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above give the names

The statement of ownership of Social Justice Publishing Co., declaring that the "owners" are Coughlin's parents, Thomas J. and Amelia Frances Coughlin (shown in the photo on page 4). This is the device by which Coughlin gets around the orders of the Catholic Archdiocese of Detroit which the other day issued a statement that "Social Justice" is not a Catholic paper and that "no priest of this diocese has asked or received permission to contribute to 'Social Justice' and no priest of this diocese has been authorized to associate himself in any capacity with its publication or circulation. . . ."

We have thus eliminated every source within the frame of the Coughlin money-collecting corporations and the publishing business itself. The large sums which meet the annual deficits of this propaganda magazine consequently come from the outside.

THE YEAR BEFORE World War II broke out, *Social Justice* had a deficit of $86,909.60. The following year, 1939, the deficit jumped to $136,402.18, which probably means a greater effort to reach more readers with pro-Axis propaganda. Just how much the magazine's deficit was for the full war year of 1940, I don't know. I tried several times to get its annual report for that period, but it had not yet been accepted by the Corporation & Securities Commission and they would not permit me to see the one which had been sent in.

The report for 1939 shows a $115,190.62 liability for subscriptions paid in advance. This furnishes a pretty good idea of the magazine's circulation. Since the subscription price is three dollars a year, that would give it about 38,000 subscribers. Assuming that none subscribed for a full year but took only six-month subs, the total would still be only around 75,000 subscribers. Bundle sales for street peddling are quite small. Only a few street peddlers are seen in some of the larger cities and only a few newsstands throughout the country carry the magazine. On the basis of these figures I estimate that the maximum total circulation of *Social Justice* is somewhere around 150,000. When we consider its deficit, it means that some interested outside source is paying almost a dollar a year per reader to reach the Coughlin following with the weekly propaganda. *Who is that outside source?*

I had little hope that Coughlin's superiors at the Diocese of Detroit knew the identity of the mysterious financial angel or angels, for when I last saw them in 1939, they were utterly shocked by what I told them of his financial manipulations. Catholics and decent citizens throughout the country have, of course, been even more shocked by Coughlin's anti-Christian, pro-Axis rantings. I knew that the Church had taken some steps to protect itself. It had told Coughlin that he could not continue to run a private publishing business from a tax-exempt church, and *Social Justice* had been forced to move from the Shrine of the Little Flower. I knew also that the Church had told Coughlin that if he wished to sign his name to articles appearing in the magazine, those articles would have to be submitted to the Church for approval first; rather than do that he had preferred to stop signing his name to articles. But I thought there was a possibility that the Diocese had been watching his activities a little more closely and I decided to see them again. What I found was a Diocese so fed up with Coughlin manipulations and mysteries that they wished the federal authorities would go into the whole problem, since the Church had no authority to delve into secular affairs.

I took the documentary evidence about the Social Justice Publishing Co. with me and called upon the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward J. Hickey, whom I had seen several years ago. Monsignor Hickey declined to be drawn into any statement about the priest.

"He has told us that he no longer owns the magazine," he said. "It is owned by his father and mother. The Diocese has no power to interfere in the operations of a private business venture."

"Do you know whether Father Coughlin's father and mother are wealthy?"

"I don't believe they are. Some time ago Father Coughlin was looking around for a home to buy his parents."

"And Father Coughlin himself is not a wealthy man?"

"I don't believe he is."

"That's exactly the point. But *Social Justice* ran a deficit of $136,000 in 1939 which was met. That money went into a propaganda magazine. It came from somewhere."

"Archbishop Mooney is away on his vacation and I don't feel that I should make any comments," he said hesitantly.

"Who is head of the Diocese in the Archbishop's absence?"

"The Auxiliary Bishop, the Most Rev. Stephen S. Woznicki."

"May I see him?"

Monsignor Hickey went into the inner offices and finally came out with the Auxiliary Bishop to whom I was introduced. We were then left alone.

"I understand," said Bishop Woznicki, "that you wish to ask questions the answers to which I do not know."

"Social Justice—" I began.

"Father Coughlin tells us that he does not own it any longer," he said mildly. "It is owned by his father and mother. Now, if there are grounds to believe that he does own it and there are abuses, then such complaints should be made to the Diocese and they will be heard before a tribunal as provided by canon law."

"I am not trying to bring Father Coughlin before a church tribunal," I said. "There is also a state law which is separate from canon law. Recently Archbishop Mooney assured President Roosevelt of all cooperation in the war effort. Catholic boys are being killed and wounded in this struggle. Catholic fathers and mothers are suffering along with parents of other faiths. We know that *Social Justice* in the past has spread Nazi propaganda. The magazine's record since Pearl Harbor has been one of needling government officials and especially the President, who is the Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces. Somebody thinks this propaganda is important enough to contribute around $100,000 a year. Who is supporting this magazine since Father Coughlin is a poor man and his parents, the ostensible owners, are poor?"

He sat silent for a moment and then said thoughtfully:

"If there seem to be grounds to suspect that Father Coughlin is receiving large sums

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A CATHOLIC SPEAKS

". . . And what of that man who once took a vow of humility, that fine upstanding militant soldier of Christ, Charles E. Coughlin. If I omit the title 'Father,' it is because we Catholics have too much reverence for that title to bestow it on anyone so un-Christianlike, so un-American as this twice divorced priest of Detroit. First he divorced himself from his church, then he divorced himself from his country. SOCIAL JUSTICE is still being sold. I bought one on Eighth Avenue the other day. I looked through it and asked the woman selling it if she happened to have a copy of the VOLKISCHER BEOBACHTER. She asked me what that was. I told her it was the same paper printed in German. If anyone doubts the kinship between the two papers let them compare any issue of the Nazi party paper with the Coughlin editorial in the December 29 issue of SOCIAL JUSTICE. Was the Bill of Rights written to protect the Coughlins of this country from the just anger of real Americans?"

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, noted foreign correspondent for Colliers, in a speech at Freedom House, March 19, 1942.

of money from mysterious sources for his alleged propaganda activities, then it seems that it is a matter for the government to look into."

I showed him the photostatic copies of the documents which appear with this article. "Here is the financial report for 1939. It shows a deficit of over $136,000. The officers and directors of this publication, allegedly owned by Father Coughlin's parents, are the same persons, with one exception, who worked for Father Coughlin when the magazine used the Church for its offices."

Bishop Woznicki reached for the document and studied it carefully. His face was grave.

"There is also the question of the Radio League of the Little Flower," I began.

"We have no control over it," he said.

"Exactly. But the Radio League is apparently still collecting money on Church property even though Father Coughlin is no longer broadcasting. I was at the Shrine yesterday and the sign asking people to enroll in the League is still prominently displayed. The 1941 annual report says they have over $350,000 and no explanations as to where it came from. That's big business and yet the Church has no control—"

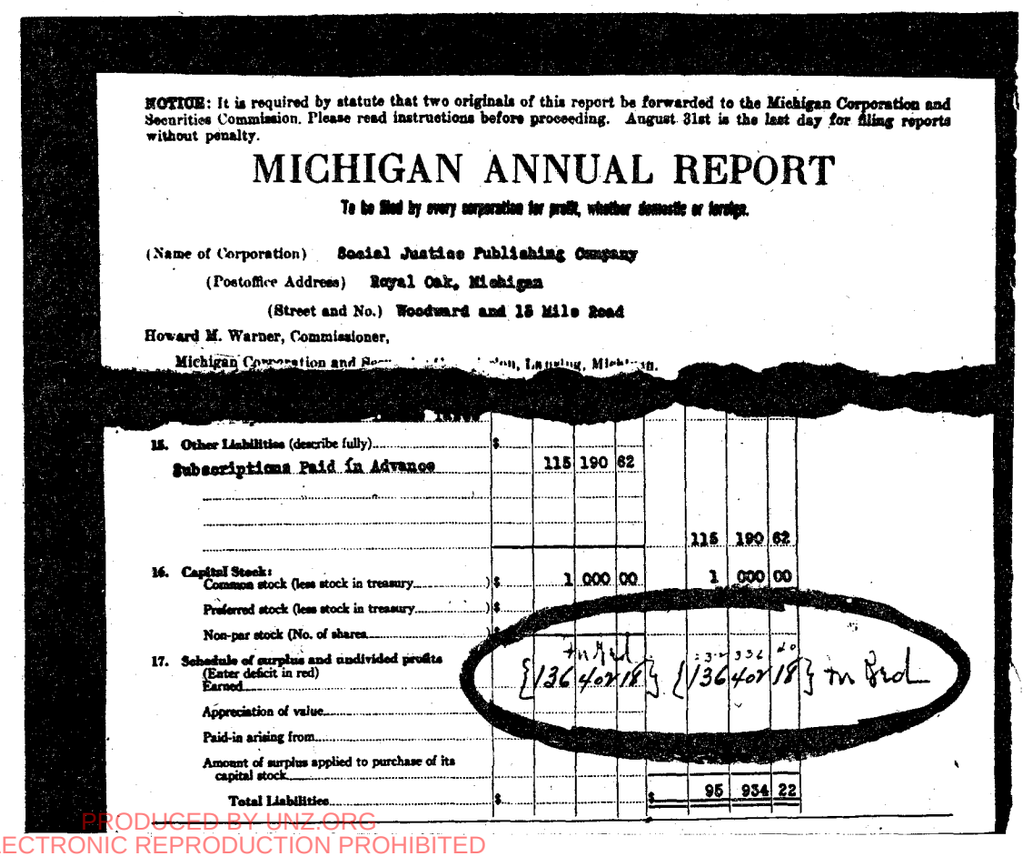
"None," said the Bishop.

"But this big business is run by a priest of the Church."

Bishop Woznicki shook his head slightly without answering.

"This organization," I continued, "over which it has no control and the magazine over which it has no control moved from the tax exempt Shrine of the Little Flower to another tax exempt place, I believe."

Below—Part of the annual financial report for the year 1939 of the Social Justice Publishing Co. The deficit was $136,402.18. Who paid it?



NOTICE: It is required by statute that two originals of this report be forwarded to the Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission. Please read instructions before proceeding. August 31st is the last day for filing reports without penalty.

MICHIGAN ANNUAL REPORT

To be filed by every corporation for profit, whether domestic or foreign.

(Name of Corporation) Social Justice Publishing Company

(Postoffice Address) Royal Oak, Michigan

(Street and No.) Woodward and 13 Mile Road

Howard M. Warner, Commissioner,

Michigan Corporation and Se... ...sion, Lansing, Michigan.

15. Other Liabilities (describe fully)	$							
Subscriptions Paid in Advance		115	190	62				
					115	190	62	
16. Capital Stock: Common stock (less stock in treasury)	$	1	000	00	1	000	00	
Preferred stock (less stock in treasury)	$							
Non-par stock (No. of shares)	$							
17. Schedule of surplus and undivided profits (Enter deficit in red) Earned		{136	402	18}		{136	402	18}
Appreciation of value								
Paid-in arising from								
Amount of surplus applied to purchase of its capital stock								
Total Liabilities	$				$	95	934	22

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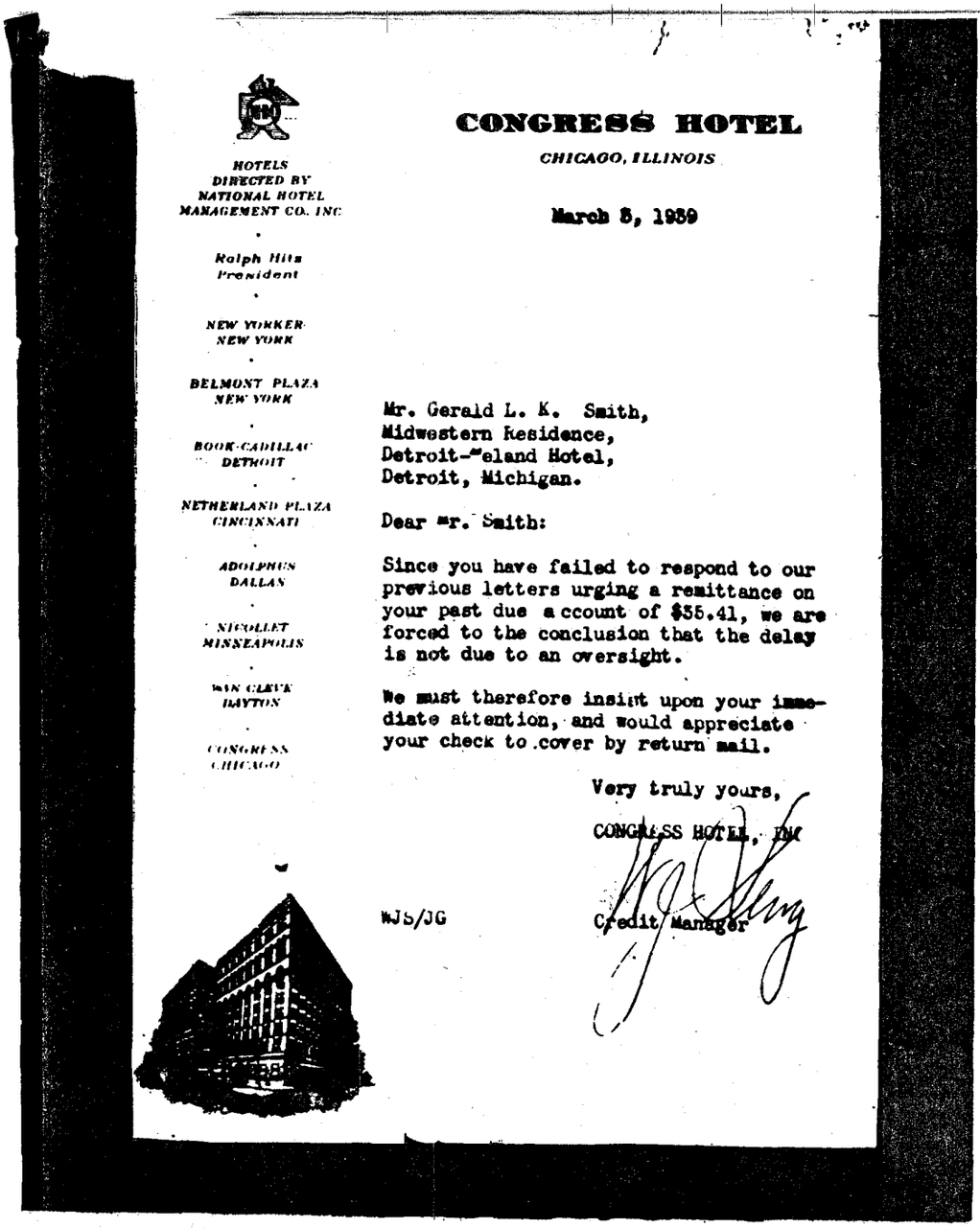

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MAY CLEVE DAYTON

CONGRESS CHICAGO

March 5, 1939

Mr. Gerald L. K. Smith,
Midwestern Residence,
Detroit-[illegible]eland Hotel,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Since you have failed to respond to our previous letters urging a remittance on your past due account of $35.41, we are forced to the conclusion that the delay is not due to an oversight.

We must therefore insist upon your immediate attention, and would appreciate your check to cover by return mail.

Very truly yours,

CONGRESS HOTEL, INC.

WJS/JG

Credit Manager

Just before coming to Detroit, Smith was so broke that he was unable to pay a hotel bill for $35.41, as indicated by the above letter. In the heart of America's war industry, however, he struck pay dirt, and now spends $75,000 a year on activities that help America's enemies.

Bishop Woznicki raised his eyebrows.

"It moved from the Shrine to 3425 Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, after its 'directors' met on Feb. 23, 1940. Actually there is no such number as 3425 Woodward Ave., according to the Royal Oak Tax Assessor's office. The location to which it moved is supposed to be at Thirteen Mile Road and Woodward Avenue, which is where the Sisters of Charity are located. On the Sisters of Charity mailbox has recently been painted the number 3425."

The Bishop shook his head and sighed.

"The Diocese will take action against the use of a tax exempt place by other than a Church organization as soon as a complaint is made to the Diocese by county or state officials," he said. He paused and added:

"I didn't know the Radio League dealt with such large sums. I didn't know the deficit for *Social Justice* is so large. We can do nothing since he tells us it is no longer his publication. But I see no reason, since it is surrounded by all this mystery as to the source of its funds, why the federal authorities cannot ascertain exactly who is giving the money and for what purpose."

I can't see any reason either. And I'm sure our fighting men facing death and injury every day and night on the battlefronts can't see any.

SO MUCH for Charles E. Coughlin. Now let's take a look at his former pal, Gerald L. K. Smith.

When a man publicly launches a fascist organization to "seize the government of the United States" and subsequently cooperates with pro-fascists, his activities in wartime should normally be closely scrutinized. When that same man, flat broke and hunted by creditors for petty bills, settles in a vital war production center and gets $75,000 a year from unidentified persons to spend on his work, it's another situation that urgently calls for action by the federal authorities.

Gerald L. K. Smith was at one time Huey Long's chief lieutenant. Before that he was reputed to have been a member of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana and more recently he has been an enrolled member of the Silver Shirts, bearing the registration number 3223. After Huey Long's assassination Smith went into business for himself and early in 1936 bobbed up as a leading speaker at the anti-New Deal, anti-Negro "grass roots" convention of Governor Talmadge of Georgia. A few months later he teamed up with Charles E. Coughlin to spawn the "Union Party" and its presidential candidate, Rep. William Lemke of North Dakota. Lemke at first was endorsed by the Nazi Bund, though later it shifted its allegiance to Landon. In Illinois the Coughlin-Smith candidate for US senator was Newton Jenkins, a rabid Jew-baiter and frequent speaker at Nazi meetings.

During the 1936 election Coughlin and Smith vied with each other in the bloodthirstiness of their speeches. At Cincinnati Coughlin declared himself ready to "advocate the use of bullets." Smith announced he was organizing thousands of physically fit young men into a storm troop organization for action on election day. A United Press dispatch in the Detroit *News* of Oct. 20, 1936, reported:

"The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, follower of the late Huey P. Long, who recently showed a motion picture audience how he did his 'rabble rousing act,' announced today the formation of a fascist organization to 'seize the government of the United States. . . .'

"Smith said he already had financial backing to carry on the organization for a year, and more than 1,000 'politically potent leaders' in various parts of the country who await his orders.

" 'Four hundred business men in twenty-two key cities, worried over the future of private property, have pledged to contribute 1 percent of their 1935 incomes to make America vigorously nationalistic,' he said.

"In New York alone, he said, he has forty financial backers, one of them with an income of $280,000 a year."

A good deal of this was, of course, bluff and bombast, but not all of it could be dismissed. After the election Smith started his Committee of One Million to put over his fascist program. In August 1937 the names of some of his financial angels became known as a result of a suit brought by one of his partners, Edward A. Powers, for his cut of the profits. The papers served on Smith named among his financial backers William B. Bell, president of the American Cyanamid Co., chairman of the Republican finance committee during the 1936 election; Lewis H. Brown, president of the Johns-Manville Co.; and James A. Noe, former governor of Louisiana.

In the summer of 1937 Smith hooked up

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with Merwin K. Hart and was one of the featured speakers at the so-called American Congress of Private Enterprise, sponsored by Hart's New York State Economic Council. Other speakers were Rep. Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan, one of the leading labor-baiters; Harold Lord Varney, former editor of an avowed fascist magazine, Lawrence Dennis' *The Awakener* (now defunct); and George Sokolsky, appeaser and reactionary extraordinary, now doing a daily stint for the New York *Sun*. The organizer of this fascist "congress," Merwin K. Hart, was active in behalf of Franco during the Spanish civil war. He was the man to whom R. Douglas Stuart, Jr., director of the America First Committee, wrote on Sept. 30, 1940, that "it is imperative that we work together." It was to Hart too that William R. Castle, Undersecretary of State in the Hoover administration and a member of the America First national committee, wrote an anti-Semitic letter on Dec. 28, 1940.

On Nov. 14, 1938, Gerald Smith checked into the Congress Hotel in Chicago. When he checked out, he owed $35.41 which he blithely assured the management he would cover as soon as he returned to his office. That was the last they heard of him until, through hotel protective associations, they discovered him at the Detroit-Leland Hotel in Detroit, where he occupied room 1927. The Congress Hotel wrote several times for payment of the long overdue bill and got no answer. On March 3, 1939, they wrote again:

"Since you have failed to respond to our previous letters urging a remittance on your past due account of $35.41, we are forced to the conclusion that the delay is not due to an oversight.

We must therefore insist upon your immediate attention, and would appreciate your check to cover by return mail."

This time Smith answered, assuring them that he would pay the bill in ten days, which he did.

I mention this merely to show how broke Gerald L. K. Smith was from the fall of 1938 to the spring of 1939 when he arrived in Detroit, got sizable sums of money from unidentified persons, and started his pro-fascist campaign.

Detroit was one of the centers in which the propaganda ministry in Germany was very interested. Fritz Kuhn established himself there and worked as a chemist for the Ford Motor Co. until he moved to New York to take national command of the German-American Bund. Detroit was also the stamping grounds of Coughlin and the Black Legion. Smith decided to establish his operations there. Faithfully following the Nazi technique, he launched a crusade against the United Auto Workers as "Communist-dominated."

On April 1, 1939, an outfit called the Federation of Americanization of Michigan, Inc., was incorporated under the laws of the state of Michigan as a "non-profit-making" body. Its function was "To aid in movements and support with funds, patriotic programs of known integrity." It was to be financed by "donations." The state of Michigan never asked what the vague "patriotic programs" were nor who was to judge what constituted "known integrity." All you need in that wondrous state after you pay a couple of bucks to make the shekel-raising legal is some stationery, a post office box number, and suckers.

Post Office Box No. 459 became the "headquarters" for the Michigan campaign of the Committee of One Million conducted under the auspices of the newly founded Federation. The outfit printed some stationery with the patriotic legend "For God and Country" and went to town.

I couldn't find some of the Federation's officers and directors listed as residents of Detroit in the city directory until after the organization had been established for a while, which means they were brought in from the outside for this special job. It wasn't until a couple of the original officers had fallen by the wayside that new blood was infused into the organization in the worried form of Bernard A. Doman, a young man in his early thirties, who acts as the Federation's office manager and is officially listed as its treasurer. When he first appeared in Detroit he said he lived at 219 Lakewood, but the city directory listed no such person at that address. In 1941 he finally got a room at the Hotel Park Avenue and got settled.

Michigan law requires that every corporation operating in the state file an annual report of its finances. Neither Smith nor the Federation has ever turned in a report to the State's Corporation & Securities Commission in Lansing as to how much actually was collected and spent. The report merely states that for the year 1939 the Federation had assets of $800 and liabilities of $900. For the year 1940 it had assets of $900, liabilities of $1,100, and property valued at $3,100.

For a "patriotic" outfit the Federation is very shy about detailing its finances. I was in Lansing the latter part of 1941 and asked for the Federation's 1941 report. I was told it has been filed, but was found "unacceptable." Since reports which are "unacceptable" are not a public record, I was not permitted to see it nor is the Commission permitted to tell just what aspect of the report is unacceptable. In the latter part of January 1942 I again went to Lansing and asked for the Federation's 1941 report. A new one had been received, but that, I was told, was "unacceptable" and had been returned.

Though the Federation, under whose "auspices" the Committee of One Million functions, is coy about turning in detailed figures on its finances, neither it nor Smith has been coy about the stream of propaganda emanating from the body Smith established to "seize the Government of the United States." Smith has not confined his propaganda to anti-union attacks. In recent months he has directed most of his fire at President Roosevelt's foreign policy. He has just established a monthly magazine, *The Cross and the Flag*, which peddles propaganda in much the same manner as *Social Justice*. The Smith magazine is anti-American, anti-English, anti-Russian. Its favorite statesmen are Martin Dies, Senators Reynolds and Nye,

Birds of a feather: the Negro-baiting governor of Georgia, Eugene Talmadge, and Gerald L. K. Smith.

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Three favorite Congressmen of Coughlin and Smith: from left to right, Clare Hoffman of Michigan, Martin Dies of Texas, and Stephen A. Day of Illinois. Hoffman recently inserted some of Smith's propaganda into the Congressional Record. Dies has been frequently praised by Coughlin, Smith, William Dudley Pelley, the Ku Klux Klan, and others of their stripe. Day, who had a book published by Flanders Hall, the publishing house which was financed by the Nazi agent George Sylvester Viereck, has spoken from the same platform with Gerald Smith in opposition to President Roosevelt's anti-Axis foreign policy.

and Charles A. Lindbergh. They are also the favorites of Berlin. Nye and Reynolds sent messages to the first issue of *The Cross and the Flag*. Nye was also the speaker at a Detroit meeting organized by the Committee of One Million on March 1, 1941.

Prior to Pearl Harbor, Smith was also one of the chief drawing cards at meetings of the Citizens Committee to Keep America Out of War. One of the founders and financial backers of this group was William H. Regnery, member of the America First national committee, who used to visit Germany regularly after Hitler came to power. The honorary chairman of the Citizens Committee to Keep America Out of War was Avery Brundage, whose anti-Semitism was so pronounced that America First thought it expedient to drop him from its national committee. Another official of the Brundage outfit was Capt. William J. Grace, a contributor to William Dudley Pelley's pro-Axis sheet, *The Roll Call*. Smith sometimes appeared on the same platform with Captain Grace. At one such meeting organized by the Committee of One Million, Grace, commenting upon Lindbergh's request for an apology from Secretary Ickes, shouted: "You don't ask for apologies from a skunk. You either avoid them or you shoot them!" This sort of stuff set the tone of the meeting. Smith himself at such meetings specialized in accusing the President and Congress of treason.

At one of the Citizens Keep America Out of War Committee rallies, Smith introduced Cong. Stephen A. Day of Illinois as a great and fearless patriot. This is the same congressman who had a book published by Flanders Hall, a publishing house financed by George Sylvester Viereck, the convicted Nazi agent.

I wanted to ask Smith a few questions. Neither the telephone book nor the city directory for the past few years lists Gerald L. K. Smith, the Committee of One Million, or the Federation of Americanization of Michigan, Inc. Apparently Smith is anxious to keep the headquarters of his "patriotic" movement secret, even from the public to whom he is appealing for support. All the public is given is a post office box number. I finally located the Smith outfit in Room 2006, Industrial Bank Building, Detroit. The building directory said they were in Room 2001-02. Actually they're pretty much over the whole floor. In the same building, still active several months after we officially entered the war, is the Detroit chapter of the America First Committee.

Not one of the doors on the twentieth floor has the name of the Federation, the Committee, or Smith. You step out of the elevator to be faced with doors upon which only room numbers are painted, the only sound coming from typewriters and the steady click of a mimeograph machine. I tried Room 2006 and for a moment I thought I was in a schoolroom. Some thirty chairs faced an electrically operated mimeograph machine over which a tired girl hovered. She was turning out one of Smith's speeches. Other girls folded the sheets. Still others got them ready for mailing. Some twenty girls were busy on the avalanche of propaganda streaming out of these offices.

An alert but frightened-eyed young woman, later identified as Mrs. Bernard A. Doman, wife of the Federation's treasurer, came out of an inner office and eyed me suspiciously. While she was asking why I wanted to see Smith, Doman came in. The sight of a strange face in these offices whose location they were trying to keep secret obviously worried him. After a couple of preliminary questions he asked sharply:

"How did you find this place?"

"The address is in your annual financial report filed in Lansing. I tried to look you up in the phone book, but there are no listings for Smith, the Committee, or the Federation. I thought it strange. Why all the secrecy?"

"Well," he said with a still more worried

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air, "in our business—it's the work we do. We have to be careful."

"You're a legal organization, duly incorporated—"

"That's right," he interrupted with an air of relief as if the thought had just occurred to him. "Of course. We're a legal organization. Why don't you call me in thirty minutes? I'll get hold of Mr. Smith in the meantime. Better take the number down. It's unlisted, you know. Randolph 9547."

Thirty minutes later when I phoned he said: "I'll meet you in the lobby of the Hotel Statler at 2 PM and I'll bring Mr. Smith."

Promptly at two o'clock he ushered me into the hotel dining room where Gerald L. K. Smith sat at a table in the center with his gray haired, sweet-looking wisp of a wife. Smith didn't look as fat as his pictures portrayed him, but he had an unhealthy pallor. His eyes had that same harried look which I had observed in Doman. For people engaged in "patriotic" activity they seemed to be worried about every strange face which came near them. Smith sat on the edge of his chair as if ready to take off at the slightest sign of danger. His wife, far more poised, watched with a calm, amused air.

"I told Doman that I wanted to see you about the labor situation in Detroit—" I began.

"The labor situation can be expressed briefly," he said without waiting for me to finish. "It's in the hands of Communists and the unions are getting huge sums in dues which run into the millions of dollars."

"You mean the UAW-CIO is a Communist organization?"

"I wouldn't say that," he said cautiously. "But the CIO is engaged in national defense work and its organized strategy is in the hands of the Communist Party."

"That's interesting. Can you prove it?"

"Anything I tell you can be proved. You don't have to take my word for it. Just the other day I had Clare Hoffman [the Michigan congressman] introduce some material into the Congressional Record. You can quote me from that. Also get in touch with my good friend Martin Dies. I gave him a lot of stuff and he'll be glad to turn some of it over to you, I'm sure. Now, since the union got a foothold here, they've taken in dues of at least $4,000,000. Maybe $6,000,000."

"Are these things you turned over to Clare Hoffman in documentary form so they can be reproduced?"

Smith had been looking distantly across the room and he didn't seem to hear me. "Money is power," he said, "and they're getting plenty of money. Millions—"

He seemed obsessed with the idea of all the money the union was allegedly getting in dues. He scarcely uttered a sentence without reverting to it. I had the feeling that he was personally hurt that all this money—used for the benefit of the workers—was going into other hands.

"Is that money being used for any other than union purposes?"

"I wouldn't say that it's being used dishonestly," he said quickly. "But any union with that amount of money becomes a power."

Since money seemed to be uppermost in his mind, "Who is supporting your work in this field?"

"The people at large," he said with a grand gesture which took in the well fed diners in the hotel. "This is strictly a people's movement. All the activities are based on donations received from the public at large."

For the first time since I had sat down he relaxed and leaned back with a satisfied smile. His wisp of a wife beamed benignly. The worried Doman nodded heavily.

"What do you get annually?" I asked.

"We spend, I should say, a total of $1,500 a week on radio, printed matter, stamps, etc."

"That would be about $75,000 a year for —how would you prefer to call it: propaganda or educational work?"

"Educational work. Naturally. I'm glad you see the importance of these fine points," he beamed. I could see he was rapidly beginning to like me.

"What's the average size of your donations?"

"About ninety-eight percent of all donations are around five dollars per person per year or less. There are no large contributions," he added emphatically, and pointing to the paper on which I was making notes, urged, "Don't forget to put that down."

"I won't. What would you call a large contribution?"

He hesitated a moment. He patently didn't like discussing the money angle. He said in a low tone: "About $1,000."

"Did you ever get a $1,000 contribution?"

"No, sir. Not one. We're very careful about large contributions. Why, we investigate everybody who sends in even a twenty-dollar contribution. We don't want to be supported by big money. This is strictly a people's movement."

"Yes, I got that. You are kept informed of all contributions of a sizable nature?"

"Yes, sir. Amounts which might be considered suspiciously large are immediately reported to me."

"And you never get a contribution as high as $1,000?"

He gave me a penetrating look. He had been worried and suspicious before the interview began, but that had been dissipated. Now the suspicions were rising again. I felt that he had the notion I was an income tax man instead of a reporter. Mrs. Smith's face assumed a set expression and Doman just looked a little more worried than usual.

"No, sir," Smith said finally.

I mentioned the name of a Detroit industrialist who I knew had given Smith $2,000. Smith's unhealthy pallor became pasty.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said. This time I could see that he was rapidly beginning to dislike me.

"X—— gave you a check for $2,000 shortly after you started your activities in Detroit. I believe he also introduced you to a lot of big industrialists who gave you [illegible] I'm wondering why."

"I never got any such check," he said uncertainly.

"The canceled check exists."

Smith didn't say anything.

"How about large sums you got from—"

"I never got any large sums," he interrupted excitedly. "Never. Not to my knowledge. No, sir!"

Mrs. Smith's eyes had turned large and round.

"I'm not interested at the moment in your large contributions if they were given for anti-union propaganda," I explained. "I'm interested in a different angle. Many of the large contributors whose names I have were also large contributors to the America First Committee, which was one of the most potent influences for curbing our war effort. You cooperated with the Citizens Keep America—"

"Who are you?" Smith demanded suddenly.

"A reporter, as I told you."

"Why do you ask me—"

"Because you have cooperated with pro-fascists—"

"I will not answer any more questions," he said excitedly. "I'm a good American and I resent this line of questioning."

"All right. Let's try another line. You told me a few minutes ago that you spent about $1,500 a week on your educational work. It's difficult for me to grasp the relationship between an income and presumably an expenditure of $75,000 a year and your sworn financial statement which gives your total assets as around $900."

Smith jumped up from his chair. Doman also jumped up as if released by the same spring.

"I'll not answer any more questions," Smith announced and stalked out of the dining room followed by Doman. Mrs. Smith stared at me, round-eyed and frightened.

"Looks like the interview's over," I said regretfully. "You'll excuse me?"

Mrs. Smith nodded, forcing a smile to her drawn lips. When I got to the lobby, Smith was already in a telephone booth, holding the receiver with one hand and gesticulating excitedly with the other. Doman was in another booth looking harassed.

Smith obviously didn't want to answer questions about the sources of his funds, let alone questions about his cooperation with appeaser and pro-fascist groups. I had no power to make him answer them, but the federal authorities have. We're in a war now, a war against ruthless and unscrupulous enemies, and when a man gets $75,000 a year from unidentified sources while he operates an organization he founded to "seize the Government of the United States," I think it would be very wise for the federal authorities to make him tell who is giving him the money and for what purposes.

JOHN L. SPIVAK.

Next week Spivak will tell about the pro-fascist activities of the Ku Klux Klan and his interview with James A. Colescott, Imperial Wizard of the Klan.

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THE WORLD TODAY

Yes, all of us are under the bombs of the Axis. Here stands a family of 1942—father, mother, and daughters—watching the Messerschmitts profane the sky. No young men are in this shelter — they are in arms or in front of the machines building arms for victory.

Yes, soldiers and arms will win the war. Yet, more is needed—THE TRUTH. Understanding of this war is the core of morale. Men, munitions, morale—these three M's spell victory.

New Masses is needed to help bring truth to the people. Magazines like ours are frontline soldiers in the fight against the fifth column defeatist propaganda. That is why the Clivedeners want to shut us up.

Do you want us shut up? You know how critical New Masses' financial situation is today. You know that $40,000 is needed to keep this magazine alive, to pay off its accumulated debts, to pay the expenses of litigation which has been opened against New Masses. (Thus far we have received only $6,958.) You know the magazine's life is in the balance.

Your reply is part of the answer to the Messerschmitts in the sky.

THE EDITORS.

(Please fill out the coupon on page 27)

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WHAT INDIA MEANS TO US

"How to light a fire in people's hearts" is the nub of India's crisis. Joseph Starobin discusses the background of Sir Stafford Cripps' visit and America's responsibility.

We surely cannot deny to any nation that right whereon our own government is founded —that every one may govern itself according to its own will, and that it may transact its business through whatever organ it thinks proper, whether king, or convention, assembly, committee, president or anything else it may choose—Thomas Jefferson.

AS THE negotiations between the British War Cabinet and India's leaders come to a climax this week, the fact that really stands out from the whole crisis is that India has ceased to be a British problem. The global character of this war has transformed what was formerly an issue in British-India relations into a critical issue for the whole democratic cause.

It will surely amaze many Americans that this vast continent with its 380,000,000 people, with a history, culture, language, outlook so different from our own, and so far away in space, should really be of vital, intimate concern to ourselves. But that is the truth, no less for Americans than for Englishmen, for the Chinese or the Russians. History has worked itself out in a strange irony: when Great Britain finally got round to making what has been advertised as a great advance in the tortuous record of its relations with India, the problem had ceased to be purely British or purely Indian. It became a world problem.

THE REASON for this is best understood by considering a second fact, with which history has also dealt so ironically. And this is that India's problem is no longer merely constitutional. The saddest and most merciless commentary on Sir Stafford Cripps' mission to India is that when this brilliant, well meaning lawyer got the chance to deal with a problem so long close to his heart, when he finally got the legal intricacies worked out, and the constitutional details of the plan into place, the issue in essence had ceased to be legal or constitutional.

India's fate rests on its immediate military defense. Whether Britain has promised more this time than in the past, and whether its promises for tomorrow will be fulfilled, loses much of its former importance. The issue is whether India is going to be defended. And it is because its defense is vital, not only for itself, but for China, Russia, England, the United States, and all other free peoples—for this reason the problem is not one of British-India relations and not a mere legal one.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU placed his finger on it in a statement of April 6: "The feasibility of any proposal has primarily to be judged by its application to the present, and by how far it may light the fire in people's hearts to enable them to meet the heavy trials of today and those of tomorrow." *How far it may light the fire in people's hearts*—there is the heart of the whole business. Only when the fire is lit, when the masses are roused, when they begin to train by the millions, when the thousands of anti-fascists still in the jails are released—that is when the defense of India will become effective.

To do less than this is not only to defend India poorly; it may very well be that to do less than this is not to defend India at all. Perhaps some Tory elements are already resigned to this prospect rather than arm the Indian people. Contrary to Mother Goose's opinion, they believe that all the king's horses and all the king's men might put Humpty-Dumpty together again. But this would mean another Singapore, with far more disastrous repercussions for the whole strategy of the war, and with volcanic repercussions in England itself.

For most Englishmen who do not wish this to happen, for China, for the sake of all the United Nations, India must be defended. It is, however, very, very late. Sir Stafford arrived in New Delhi clutching the hands of history's timepiece almost at the stroke of twelve. The Japanese are approaching the gates of Assam and Bengal. They are pressing north of Prome in Burma, and they are likely to reach the heights of Mandalay before the monsoon sets in. A month ago the Japanese occupied the Andaman Islands, which lie 900 miles from Ceylon and from Calcutta also. Calcutta! Bengal's capital, the second largest city in the entire empire after London, commanding the mouth of the mighty Ganges.

Already Ceylon has suffered its first heavy air raid. From this strategic island the Japanese could control both coasts of India, clear around from Bombay. People who know Burma say that land routes into Bengal are not more difficult than the routes from Siam into Burma. Experts say that the Japanese have only been using two divisions thus far, a fraction of her available man power. Her air force retains superiority and her Navy has not yet demonstrated its full force.

And just to make things more realistic, it is worth remembering that most of India's heavy industrialization lies in Assam and Bengal. These two provinces are really the heart of the continent. The big Tata steel works is there, with its 1,000,000 tons or more of steel-making capacity. Moreover, Subhas Chandra Bose, the former nationalist leader who was reported killed en route to Japan, after going over to the Japanese, was a Bengali and was once mayor of Calcutta. True enough, he may not have his former influence. But bearing the military facts in mind, and remembering that the Japanese were able to enlist a certain support in the Burmese population, the fact that Bengal happens to be the province which lies open to the aggressor must be assessed realistically.

And what a Japanese conquest in India would mean, or even a larger edition of the Burma business, does not have to be emphasized. The projected routes of help to China would be in danger. Within China, pro-Japanese individuals in high places would be strengthened. The rest of India would lie open. The Axis would be able to entertain the idea of a junction in the Middle East seriously. Our supply routes to the Persian gulf would be harassed, at the very least. And with the Mediterranean closed, as Churchill recently told us, that route around the tip of South Africa is absolutely vital.

AGAINST this background, with all its shadows, how does Sir Stafford's mission shape up? Divide it into two parts; one, from the time of his arrival until the publication of the Cabinet's plan; two, from the decision to prolong negotiations until this week. Perhaps the

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less said about the first phase the better. Sir Stafford's "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude was very distasteful, and one can only imagine how the Indian people must have felt.

The plan itself represented an advance over previous plans, at least on paper. In practice, a dozen objectionable features come to mind. That India might ultimately consist of many dominions sounds democratic, but actually it was a concession to a handful of reactionary figures in the Moslem League. As everyone knows, they commanded only a minority of seats in the provincial elections of 1937 even in Moslem areas like Bengal, Punjab, and Sind, whereas the India Congress received substantial majorities. The history of north Ireland bears witness to the indefensibility of any proposals based on the idea that India is incapable of unity.

Even worse was the provision that the native princes would handpick their delegates to the future constitutional convention, and have the right to secede and sign separate treaties with the paramount power if they did not like the convention's decisions. It is as though the American colonies had been granted a modified autonomy in 1776 except that the royal colonial governors would remain absolute rulers of the peoples in their original land grants, with British troops garrisoning them as "friendly fortresses in debatable territory," which is the way one writer describes these native states. There are 526 of them, some ruled by men of vast wealth, others by decrepit bankrupts. One-third of India's millions live at their mercy. The system of native princes is the expression of India's decay under British rule. And the rub is that if the Japanese ever arrived, these princes would almost certainly go over, bag and baggage, without batting an eyelash, as did the Sultan of Johore in Malaya.

SO MUCH for the Cabinet's plan in its future aspects. They are no longer, and never really were, of decisive consequence. The basic question was whether India would be given the chance of immediate mobilization for effective warfare. In the original plan, the answer was no. Defense was to remain in the hands of His Majesty's government. If this had been the end of the answer, we would have been justified in assuming that the British Cabinet had decided not to defend India at all. This would be a catastrophe of the first magnitude. It would have been equivalent to Gandhi's proposal of non-resistance, in effect an invitation to the aggressor.

Fortunately the negotiations have continued. And it is characteristic of the real issues that the negotiations have revolved around India's role in her own defense more than anything else. If the Cabinet yields to Britain's own best interests, and a settlement is reached, it will have to be judged by the degree to which it lights a fire in people's hearts. Obviously, the most realistic, far-sighted solution would be complete independence. This is probably no longer a real issue. In the opinion of the Congress itself, and of such responsible forces as represented by the British Communist Party, a provisional national government, with full responsibility for India's war mobilization in the hands of Indians themselves is at least a realistic minimum. It is possible that something even less than this will be worked out. But in the long run, it comes back to the basic consideration. India will not be defended effectively unless her people are mobilized. Only India's leaders can really light the fire in the hearts of their people.

THIS is what the rest of us in the United States and other parts of the world have got to remember. In its editorial last week, the *Daily Worker* commented that Britain was paying for its imperialist sins of the past. This is a good concept to work with. History has a way of making us pay for things that are not done right and not done in time. We are paying for the failure of the democratic world to achieve collective security while there was still time. All of us, and the German people first of all, are paying for the fact that Germany never went through a really thorough democratic revolution which would have cleaned out the Junkers and militarists, with all their medieval baggage. History will make us pay for the mistakes of India unless history is made in a hurry, unless decisive changes develop. And the longer they are delayed, the harder it will be to bend history to our ends.

In a recent article Edgar Snow pointed out the contrast between millions of Indian guerrillas fighting for their own land and any effort to get 10,000,000 or more Americans over there to try to recapture that vast continent from the Japanese. And the truth is that Americans have a distinct responsibility in this crisis. It would be a grave distortion of this country's interests and its historical role if the impression that some newspapers have left on India's leaders were allowed to stand.

We do not have to advise India on details; but on the fundamentals we have the obligation, not to blank-check Sir Stafford Cripps' original proposals which he himself was soon compelled to revise, but to endorse the broad fundamentals. And the broadest fundamental, which every American will sense instinctively, is that the Malaya fiasco must not be repeated.

In a column for February 21 Walter Lippmann observed that "Tory imperialism will die hard in the Far East" but die it must "if the British peoples are to put forward their full strength." "The objective of the eastern war . . . cannot be," says Lippmann, "the recapture or restoration of the white man's empire." The American objective "is bound to be the defeat of Japanese imperialism in alliance with the peoples of Asia, the Chinese, the Indians, the Filipinos, and the Russians." In this concept of America's historic role, Lippmann is on firm ground. It is ground which the President established in his mid-February fireside address in which he said that the "Atlantic Charter applies not only to parts of the world that border the Atlantic, but to the whole world." As a nation with world-democratic ideals, as a pioneer democratic republic, our obligation to India, like our deep-rooted friendship for China, flows out of our history.

And even from the narrow view of private enterprise in this country, India like China is a continent that literally cries out for technical assistance, for the investment of capital, for help in her inevitable industrial reconstruction. As R. Palme Dutt analyzes with such rich detail in his *India Today*, the past 200 years have stultified India's potential development, have destroyed her native handicrafts industry, and impoverished her agriculture. An India marching toward freedom would reverse this process of decay, and in that the United States has a vital role to play.

And finally from the immediate interests of the war, Washington, which is one of the strategy-making centers of this struggle, has a real obligation. The President has a challenging opportunity to fulfill his destiny as a world statesmen. Failure to light the fire in India's heart, for which her people are so ready, is to risk the most dangerous complications for China, for the Middle East, for Russia, for those positions on which we ourselves depend. But to light those fires in time, to make India's resistance effective is to shorten the war, to strike at the Axis as a whole by fulfilling the great potential of our friends in Asia.

In this, the United States has a vital part. It is to be hoped that through our new envoy to India, through the President's public initiative if necessary, and through the fraternal understanding of the American people, we shall play that part.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

Lorca

Lorca, Frederico Garcia,
how can I speak of that dark night
when they struck you down, left you
without even a sheet to cover your body!

At the edge of your beloved Granada
there on the cobblestones you fell,
and Death took you by the arm
and you walked away with him to the hills.

Let the rains wash away the blood!
Let the moon cover the sight with silver!
For Frederico is gone, and his wisdom.
He fell with a roar of pistols in his head.

Lorca, you are remembered still
with all the brave, the living and the dead,
who will one day return to their Granada
in vengeance and in honor,
and your name is the most golden of names,
whispered by the warm sea and air.

Poets, fire a volley for him.
Flags of the world, be lowered.

Death, be kind to him.

NORMAN ROSTEN.

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WANDERINGS OF A WAR CONTRACT

What happened to an order which the Soviet Union placed in this country many months ago.

Washington.

FREQUENTLY, in the last months, President Roosevelt has stressed the urgent need to deliver material and supplies to the Soviet Union. Up to now, deliveries have been lagging to a degree—and the President indicated in his recent communications to government executives that this lag weakens the United Nations as a whole.

The reasons for the unsatisfactory rate of deliveries are various. Pearl Harbor dislocated plans. The first reaction of the army and navy was to halt all lend-lease shipments. But this policy was soon recognized as exceedingly dangerous. In addition, lend-lease to all countries suffered—as did our own armed forces—from delays in converting industry to war production, and from other difficulties inherent in the task of shifting our economy quickly to the demands of total war.

I do not mean to underestimate these very understandable dislocations. But other impediments also were present. It is well to remind ourselves that there were—and still are—those in industry and in strategic government jobs not yet committed to the all-out effort. There were those who feared the consequences of a just war against fascism, who liked to think in terms of "limited hostilities" against Japan. And there were the out-and-out vilifiers of Great Britain, of China, and above all, of the Soviet Union. To be sure, these diversionists were inclined to exercise more or less care to conceal their hatred of unity among the United Nations. But behind their fulsome tributes to "sacrifice" and "determination"—or behind their silences—they sabotaged and obstructed. They ignored definite orders by President Roosevelt. Shipments to our allies were held up, often not made at all. And since the Red Army was confronted with the tremendous task of meeting head-on the armed might of the Nazis and their European satellites, the failure to get material to the Soviet Union was by far the most damaging to the world struggle.

LET me relate the case history of a war order. It is a story of inefficiency, of lack of vision, of stupidity. I do not know whether or not it is the story of deliberate sabotage and corruption—but sabotage and corruption could do no worse. Certainly, it is the story of certain responsible officials failing to respond to the country's war needs—and the appeasers cannot ask for more.

The story is true. It was told to me, in all its details, by an American industrialist of high standing who was involved in this tragedy from its beginnings.

Last October, according to this industrialist, members of a Russian purchasing commission in this country were negotiating for a particular type of equipment. The equipment was complicated, but it had to be so constructed that soldiers with no special technical knowledge could handle the machinery easily and keep it in repairs while in the field. Moreover, the equipment had to be highly mobile, easily packed and unpacked, easily set up and disassembled, and each unit had to be readily transportable by truck. Several companies were interested. All details were solved to the complete satisfaction of the Russian engineers. Production was to start immediately; deliveries would begin the middle of November of last year and be completed in April 1942.

Just as contracts were about to be signed, lend-lease was extended to the Soviet Union. Thereupon, all purchases of a military nature had to be approved by the army: in consequence, this particular order was referred to the branch of the army with authority. The army men examined the specifications—and decided to change some details to meet their standards (as set down, in this case, in 1918). Part of the unit, for example, called for a two-man tent; but the army standard was a four-man tent—and the order was so altered. Yet a four-man tent could not be loaded on a truck. Besides, the companies which had worked out the specifications with the Russian engineers would be forced to buy new equipment if they were to manufacture such tents. The army, however, ignored what remonstrations there were.

Pearl Harbor delayed matters again. But by the middle of December the order was passed along for allocation of the necessary funds. By January 1, a month and a half after deliveries were supposed to begin, Washington had finally approved all details and had sent the order to the Chicago procurement office for the placing of the contract. Washington urged Chicago to place the contract within a week.

Fifteen days went by. Chicago said nothing could be done because all the specifications had not yet come through. By the end of January this detail was corrected, and bids were requested. Several very large and reliable firms responded. After another two weeks of delay, the contract was suddenly withdrawn—no explanation given. By the end of February, the contract was finally awarded to a firm in the Middle West.

The companies wanting subcontracts immediately got in touch with the prime contractor, whom we can call Mr. X. Among other things, they discovered that Mr. X had a post-office address and little else. And when the companies attempted to negotiate, Mr. X replied that since his firm was just setting itself up in business, the contract must wait for a while. Complaints to the Chicago office brought the reply that the officers in charge felt no more responsibility in the matter.

From this point on, the story is complicated—and is best summarized. All sorts of legalisms were raised by Mr. X, who seemed peculiarly anxious to stall. He was unwilling to offer valid credit references. And nothing happened until last week when Mr. X informed the would-be subcontractors that he had made other arrangements. He was going to disregard specifications and to fill the contract with standard equipment quite outdated and quite unsuitable to Russian needs. Besides, Mr. X had found the problem of setting himself up in business so involved that he would be unable to deliver anything before July. Incidentally, Mr. X proved to be the owner of a large warehouse, but with no other facilities—he sat back waiting for the equipment to be sent to his warehouse, and he would then deliver it to shipping points.

This story happens to deal with lend-lease bound for the Soviet Union. And I wonder if it is equally relevant with respect to lend-lease destined for Great Britain and China, and to orders bound for General MacArthur's forces in the Pacific. The people have the duty to demand that incompetents and laggards be apprehended and dismissed without hesitation.

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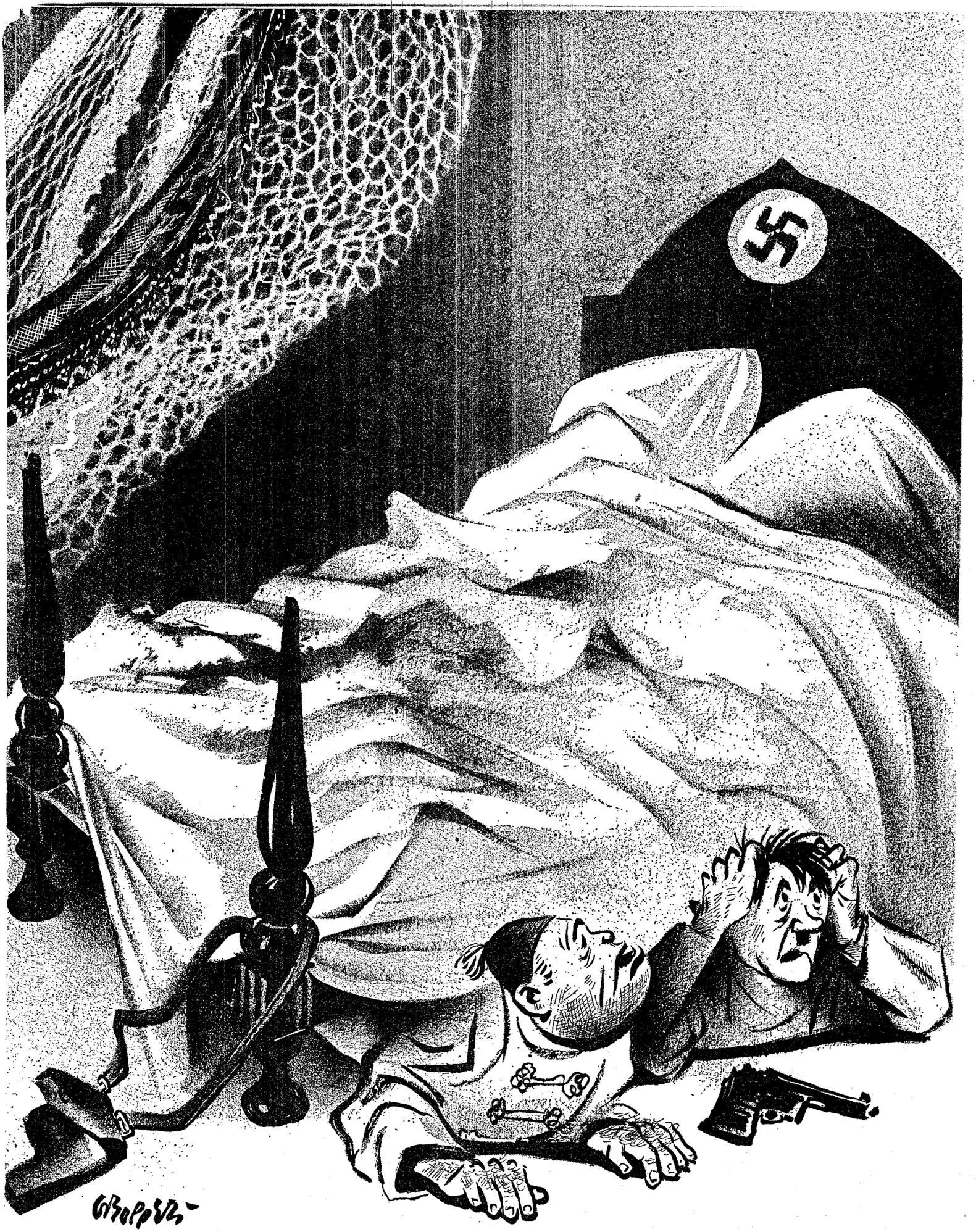

HIMMEL, WHAT AN AWFUL NIGHTMARE, — I DREAMT "THEY OPENED UP A WESTERN FRONT!"

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DOWN TO THE SEA IN TUBS

The merchant seamen want to deliver the goods. But they ask for ships that can do the job. Why seven hundred men will never come back.

ANYONE who has known a merchant seaman knows that he is likely to be a pretty tough customer. By tough customer I do not mean an insensitive human being, for the men who sail our ships may have a hard shell, but the inside is just as soft as they come—in a human sense.

In Spain there were a lot of American seamen in the ranks of the Lincoln Battalion. For a time before the Great Retreat of March 1938, there were enough of them to form an entire company. After that retreat, there were not so many of them alive. But they had a reputation, and their reputation was deserved. They were tough. They were terrific scrappers. Their leader, Joe Bianca, was killed on Hill 666 in the Sierra Pandols during an artillery barrage that lasted eight hours. Near evening Joe got hit in the groin by a piece of shrapnel. This is what he said: "So long, guys. See you in Sunday school." Then he was dead. Nobody could believe it; there are men who still do not believe Joe Bianca is dead, and in a sense he's not. The National Maritime Union has many Joe Biancas; his toughness, his inflexible anti-fascism, are ever present in the organization.

If you visit their headquarters on West Seventeenth Street in New York, you can see hundreds of them. The seamen have a six-story building and everything in that building is calculated to represent them and comfort them. There are reading rooms and poolrooms, hiring halls for deck and engine room personnel, for men of the steward's department. There are assembly halls and offices, a library.

Out of the hiring halls there are currently moving some 1,500 men a week, to man the ships carrying supplies to our allies—Britain, the Soviet Union, China. And every time the sailor ships out, he has no way of knowing whether he's coming back again. But if you think this fazes the men of the NMU, you've got another think coming. They know what to expect once their ships are standing out to sea. Off our coasts there are the Nazi subs, and they are taking heavy toll of our merchant shipping. Since December 7 well over 700 merchant sailors have made what *The Pilot,* the NMU newspaper, euphemistically calls their "Final Departures." Some of these men may have been captured, but most of them are at the bottom of the sea.

This has not dimmed the seamen's enthusiasm for keeping 'em sailing. To the contrary. They know what fascism wants, what it would do to them, to us, if it were victorious. For there are thousands of Joe Biancas, of John Kozars, in this organization; ready and willing to risk torpedoing at sea, to risk freezing to death in lifeboats, to risk mutilation and suffering to bring about the final defeat of Hitlerism. Only they are pretty sore these days—about other matters. They are sore about incompetence, inadequacy, complacency, business-as-usual, profiteering-as-usual, persecution—anything that helps Hitlerism.

THEY had a terrific meeting several days ago, at which they let off some of their steam. What they had to say was duly documented, committed to affidavit form, and sent with their president, Joe Curran, and their vice-president Frederick Myers down to Washington. They had something to tell their government and they told it. What they had to say involves the following typical inadequacies, evidences of incompetence, complacency, business-as-usual, unnecessary risk:

On certain ships, life-rafts are lashed in places and in ways that would make it impossible to "trip" them, use them if necessary.

On certain ships no emergency rations are stowed in lifeboats.

Too many lifeboats are old, unseaworthy, leaky.

Too many ships are old, unseaworthy, ready to fall apart.

Some ships do not live up to blackout regulations.

The patrol system offshore is not what it should be.

Shipowners are still taking advantage of the seamen's determination to keep 'em sailing.

Certain shipowners are saving money by undermanning their ships, not "cutting in" all their boilers, hence making it impossible to run at full speed in the face of attack, or maneuver swiftly.

Stevedoring companies are loading ships badly, so that when the ships get to sea the cargo begins to shift, the ship must put back, be reloaded. In certain instances, ships have broken up because of this.

Ships are being overloaded, and there is no way to check on this.

Men sometimes have to sleep below the water-line, standing no chance of escape if they are torpedoed at night.

Emergency radio sets are needed for lifeboats.

More men trained to handle lifeboats are needed.

Foreign-born seamen who are American citizens are being pulled off ships for "investigation," although they are loyal Americans.

"Well," you say, "what are the reasons for all these things that help Hitler?"

"Your guess is as good as mine," they will tell you. "It's almost impossible to prove sabotage, but if the *Normandie* wasn't sabotaged by Nazi agents, then the Nazis never did a job of sabotage. Then there's other reasons."

"Tell us about them."

"Some shipowners don't give a damn if their ships go down."

"That doesn't make sense," you say. "After all a ship and cargo represent a big investment, even if you discount the men."

"Yeh," they'll say, "but you forget all these ships and their cargoes are fully covered by insurance. Take a look at the *D——,*" they say. "It put out of an Atlantic port with stuff for one of our allies. It was supposed to pick up a convoy, but it hit a storm and an eighty-mile gale off Newfoundland. It was an old crock. Why the bridge was whipping back and forth like a lash. Why, would you believe it, there was storm doors that you couldn't close. That's important. In a heavy sea you have to close the storm doors or take water. The tub leaked like a sieve."

"Was that a Canadian ship?" you ask.

"Hell no," said boatswain Jack ——, "it belonged to a big American line. You ought to pour it into those babies. They're the ones responsible. When we put back to Halifax and come on to an Atlantic dock, I was tried for 'insubordination'!"

"Why?" I said.

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"Look," he said. "I told the mate a certain life-raft wasn't lashed right. He said to lash it a certain way. I said it would be better to lash it the way the regulations stated. He said, 'I'll lash it myself my own way. You go down below.' So I went down below."

"What happened at the hearing?"

"Aw," said Jack, "the authorities saw there was nothing to the charges. It was all dropped. They put the ship in drydock for a month, changed its name, sent it out again. We told 'em what was what. They're the boys who are responsible for what's happening; nobody else. We can't win the war like that."

You look over the affidavits, and you find these sorts of things are all too common. On the Ford barge *Frumet,* there were no lifeboats; one life-raft. On the *SS Rubilene* (Sinclair Refining Co.) there were no guns, and life-rafts were lashed down in such a way that they wouldn't float off if the ship were sunk. The *SS Seminole* was ready to fall apart, the seamen said. Fire hoses were not used during drills. The mess-room leaked so badly you couldn't sit down to a meal in it. Aboard the *E. M. Clark,* which was torpedoed, only three men of twenty-six in a lifeboat knew how to handle a boat at sea. Aboard the *Allan Jackson,* torpedoed, the men complained to the captain that the lifeboats were in cradles, instead of being swung out. Nothing happened. There was a heavy loss of life. Aboard the *SS Malay,* torpedoed in January, the lifeboats (again) weren't swung out at sea; there were no provisions in the lifeboats.

Jack said the *D*—— "should of been in the Smithsonian Institution, instead of sailing the Atlantic." There are innumerable life-rafts and preservers aboard our ships that fell apart when they touched water; that have pulled men down who wore them.

"Would you believe it?" a steward said to me. "I seen men sink in those lifebelts; lifebelts that are supposed to hold you up." I looked at the man. His ship, a tanker, was sunk a few days ago. There were ugly burns on his hands; the sea was afire from the explosion of the gasoline she was carrying.

"We saved fourteen of the forty-two men aboard," he said. "We had no warning; it was three in the morning. The torpedo hit us amidships and blew the whole thing sky high. We could only launch one boat. The rest went down or burned alive in the water. We didn't have a gun aboard, but it wouldn't have made no difference if we had."

"Was the ship blacked out?"

"Yeh," he said. His hands shook involuntarily when he lit the cigarette. "But the mate used to walk around in the wheel-house waving a flashlight all over the place."

"Did he go down with the ship?"

"He went down, Hell," he said, "the day before that, I saw ships that were torpedoed in the same place or thereabouts. You could see 'em sticking up in the water, they were that close to shore. Don't believe anybody that tells you it ain't so. I saw 'em."

"You sailing out again?" I asked.

"Soon as I can find a ship," he said.

I went down to the deck and engine-room hiring hall. There they were sitting, the men who man our ships. They were reading the papers, listening to the radio, waiting for the dispatcher to tell them they were wanted. So many oilers. So many wipers. Two ordinary seamen. Four able seamen. One first assistant.

They didn't seem worried about what was waiting for them off our coasts. They have wives, families ashore. Black men; white men; men of every national extraction; of all religions, political opinions.

"How'd you ever get off that sieve?" one says.

"I was five days in a lifeboat," the other says.

"Did Mike —— go down with her?"

"Yeh," he says. "He couldn't get out of the engine room; the ladder was swept away. He didn't stand a chance."

"Any copy from Mr. Dies today?"

"We need more ladders in the engine room, in the fire room, case one gets swept away."

"Put it in the box," the other says. "Didn't Myers say if you got an idea to put it in the box?"

At a meeting on March 12, their vice-president Frederick Myers said:

"There have been a lot of reports recently that because of the war some of the operators are taking advantage of the union's position of giving up our rights to take any action in the interest of 'Keeping Them Sailing' and winning the war. . . . When we gave up our rights to strike we did so with the prime intention of guaranteeing to the nation that our vessels were going to move, and that we were going to move them on schedule—and that we expected the shipowners and the rest of the operators to get both their feet in the war effort also. . . .

"The standard the union has established aboard ships must not only be maintained, but stepped upward. . . . The proposal we made today—whereby we would establish a 'Keep 'Em Sailing Board' composed of representatives from the unions and the operators and the government—would contribute the maximum effort toward working out a joint program to iron out all the wrinkles that now exist. . . ."

He said a lot more, in the same vein. And when he spoke he spoke for the men who comprise the NMU. He articulated their just grievances, grievances that, if known to the majority of our population, would unite it behind the seamen in the better prosecution of the war effort. For most people would agree with Myers when he said:

"It is our job to take the offensive in reporting conditions; in keeping the ships sailing and in delivering the cargo. . . ."

That's how the men of the NMU feel about the war; about their job in it. They will make their needs known, and at the same time they will deliver the goods. For if their needs are met as American fighters against fascism—it will be possible to deliver the goods to the men who are using it against the Axis.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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THE CZECHS HAVE A WORD FOR IT

Lenka Reiner was in Prague when the Nazis entered. Her firsthand account of Czech sabotage. Why Oldrich Oborny was twice sentenced to death.

Last month marked the third anniversary of Hitler's seizure of Czechoslovakia. Lenka Reiner, who has sent us the following article, is a young Czech woman writer who was in Prague when the Nazi legions entered. Later she went to France where she spent many months in prison and in concentration camps. She is now living in Mexico.—The Editors.

ON MARCH 15, 1939, a violent wind blew through the streets of Prague, rattling and tearing away everything that was not firmly fastened. It howled in the factory chimneys and covered everything with cold, wet snow. Since the early hours of the morning motorized detachments of the Nazi army had rumbled uninterruptedly past the citizens of Prague who were gathered on Wenceslas Square. But six months previously had not the Munich Conference guaranteed the new borders of the republic? In spite of all negotiations, promises, and treaties the tanks of the German army kept coming, while Hitler's swastika flag was hoisted on the Hradschin Castle high above old Prague.

The guns of all the soldiers in the trucks were loaded and aimed; the barrels of all the machine-guns were trained on the people of Prague standing on both sides of the streets. Unintelligible shouts of hatred were directed against the German soldiers from all sides. Many an inhabitant of Prague, with tears running down his cheeks, clenched and waved his fists. The Czech police had a difficult time keeping the crowd in check. Again and again orange peels, moldy potatoes, and rotten eggs flew into the middle of the street at the machine-guns, tanks, and cannon.

Most of the soldiers were expressionless. There was something gray in their faces. Suddenly an officer on a motorcycle looked at the embittered, helpless people and smiled scornfully. A young man of about twenty broke through the police cordon, rushed toward the officer, and spat in his face. A shot rang out and the young man dropped to the pavement. That was the oppressor's first shot. War between the armed and unarmed had begun.

ON NOV. 17, 1939, machine-gun detachments of the SS Elite Guards surrounded all the universities, laboratories, scientific institutes, and student headquarters in Prague. The students, surprised in their sleep, prepared to defend themselves. Those who attempted to escape were laid low by machine-gun bullets. The survivors were brought in thirty-one municipal buses to the airdrome of Ruzyn where every tenth student was counted off and shot. The others were subjected to indescribable tortures. Young girls were raped before the eyes of their chained male fellow students. The number of victims on that night of horrors is not accurately known but is estimated at between 200 and 300. Two years later there were only 500 students still living of the 1,200 who had been dragged that day to the Third Reich. But the universities of the world did not forget their murdered colleagues. The students of the British empire, the students of North and South America, of Soviet Russia and China, as well as the representatives of the free students in the nations now subjugated by Hitler, chose November 17 as International Student Day in memory of the unfortunate student victims of Prague.

The student massacre occurred under the regime of the "Protector" von Neurath. In September 1941 he was replaced "because of too much leniency" by Reinhard Heydrich, the thirty-one-year-old deputy chief of the German Gestapo. Since then there has been a rain of death sentences in Bohemia and Moravia. The question may be asked: why did the Nazis not try to win over the Czech people, or the Czech skilled workers, known throughout the world? Why, in the first two weeks of Heydrich's rule, were there hundreds of death sentences? Why does he continue day after day with arrests, deportations, and executions? Why does he not allow his hangmen any breathing space? Is there a fighting front in Czechoslovakia as in Yugoslavia, a guerrilla war as in Greece? No. Yet there is something that is just as ominous. In the midst of the Nazi empire of conquest there arose an island of icy hate, of mute destruction, of paralyzing irrepressible sabotage. The more terrible the oppression, the more dogged became the resistance.

The Prague papers in the period from Sept. 29 to Oct. 15, 1941, devoted most of their editorials to the executions ordered by Heydrich. These were justified as necessary "in order to bring a wide section of the Czech people to their senses." The reasons for the death sentences in individual cases are illuminating.

The well known Prague architect Max Skvor was executed because "he had concealed an arsenal of weapons in his home and in a Prague factory." First Lieut. Bohumir Kokta was "the leader of an opposition group whose aim it was to destroy stocks of grain destined for the army by means of explosions, acts of sabotage and large-scale incendiary fires." Non-commissioned officer Dedic of Hradec Kralove "incited a group of people to slash the rubber tires on delivery trucks." An editor named Dlouhy and a policeman, Dvorak, both of Prague, as well as a miner from Kladno, were shot "because they listened to the Moscow radio and spread the news reports they heard there by means of leaflets, thus provoking and disturbing a large section of the population and causing significant disturbances to labor peace." The teacher Luhan from Brod and the chauffeur Gajdos from Tisnov were sentenced to death because of "vicious sabotage"; with the help of other friends who could not be tracked down, they poured bits of glass in the sand of ballbearings destined for railway coaches in Germany.

The case of the worker Oldrich Oborny from Maehrisch-Ostrau was a unique exception in the long list of victims. His acts of sabotage excited Heydrich so that he was sentenced twice to death. Immediately after the first sentence Oborny was shot; it is not known how Heydrich carried out the second verdict. In Vienna Czech workers were executed for acts of sabotage which they carried out in conjunction with Austrian workers. The act of the worker Vacek created a real panic among the officers of the army of occupation. Fourteen officers of the German General Staff were inspecting the Skoda Works, when suddenly a kettle filled with red-hot molten lead was poured over them. Vacek looked and saw that he had succeeded, then leaped to his death from the high scaffolding of the machinery.

THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN MINISTER in Washington, Vladimir Hurban, declared in December 1941 on the basis of statistics that the total production of the former Czechoslovakian armaments industry fell forty per cent under its normal rate of productivity after the Czech workers were forced to deliver arms for the Nazi war. For several months now a curious symbol has appeared on factory articles, rifle-butts, munitions boxes, and railway carriages. It is a crudely drawn turtle on the back of which a "P" is painted. It means "Pomalu"—work slowly, slowly!

Many have said and written that the Czechs handed over their republic to the Nazis without resistance. They were deprived of their arms by Chamberlain and Daladier. Nevertheless, their unarmed resistance began on March 15, 1939, the day the army of occupation entered the country. In spite of the fury of the Elite Guards and Storm Troopers, the Czechoslovakian people, steeled in suffering, remembering their dead and striving for a happy future for the living, have continued this resistance in increasing measure. In Bohemia and Moravia they also know of the great victories of the Russians and of the inflexible will to victory of the Western powers. And that gives them courage—courage for new battles in underground war of annihilation.

LENKA REINER.

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THE WEEK IN REVIEW

More and More

THE spring offensive has started on the production front. From war plant after war plant comes the news of a vast forward push. And on many sectors of the front it is the newly organized management-labor committees that are serving as the spearheads of the production advance. These committees are now functioning in the factories of 308 companies, and their number is rapidly growing. US Steel, the world's largest steel company, employing 325,000 workers, is among the latest to announce that it is establishing labor-management committees in all its units. Some of the best reports to Donald Nelson, head of the War Production Board, have come from steel plants: the Middletown, O., division of the American Rolling Mill Co. in March beat all monthly records in its history; and both the open hearth department of Weirton Steel and the Warren, O., blast furnace of Republic Steel claim new world's records.

The automobile industry, which is slated to turn out about one-fifth of the war production program, announces that, despite conversion difficulties, it is ahead of schedule. And from the West Coast comes news that eight major aircraft manufacturers have set up an Aircraft War Production Council to exchange information, pool facilities, and coordinate production efforts. They ought to follow up by organizing management-labor committees to push production levels still higher. At the same time one ought not to ignore the report of a subcommittee of the Senate's Truman committee, which pointed out that the output of military and naval planes was being seriously impeded by the failure to expand the facilities of about 4,000 suppliers of parts and subassemblies. (Incidentally, one part of the subcommittee's report that was *not* played up in the press stated: "In view of the present widespread demands for modification of the 40-hour week, the subcommittee believes it worth while to report that only one of several score [company] executives interviewed suggested that lengthening of the work week would increase production.")

Though significant advances have been made, the production offensive is by no means hitting on all cylinders as yet. The recent report of the New Jersey CIO, which showed that war plants in that state were working only forty-nine percent of capacity—a situation which Donald Nelson said was typical of most of the country—indicates there is still much to be done before all-out production is reached. Many companies are resisting the idea of joint management-labor committees. And the failure to give labor greater responsibility in the directing agencies of the WPB also hampers the production program, particularly since certain dollar-a-year men in control still have not abandoned business-as-usual practices. Continued shortages of materials is another major bottleneck. Moreover, as Nelson pointed out the other day, production achievements cannot be measured by ordinary standards, but by the urgent needs of the global war against the Axis juggernaut.

Spring Campaign

THAWS are spreading northward on the Soviet front and the winter campaign is merging into the first engagements of heavy spring fighting. It would be rash at this distance to estimate the full results of the winter for either side, but we certainly would not, as some newspapers are doing, try to judge simply by looking at the map. The Nazis still hold from the Crimea, through Kharkov, Bryansk, Vyazma, Staraya Russa to the outskirts of Leningrad. But what price have they paid? and how closely are these outposts surrounded by Soviet forces? These are the real questions. Our own suspicion is that the Nazis have paid such a heavy toll that their *elan* will never be the same again. And evidently the Red Army is so strategically situated, that when the Nazis launched a big tank attack supported by 50,000 men below Leningrad last week, they were unable to break up the Soviet position, or wrest the initiative away.

But the evidence is that the Nazis are massing all their forces for powerful blows, perhaps not of a blitzkrieg character but nevertheless a series of powerful blows east of the Dnieper, toward the Caucasus. And this may be combined with a blow-up of the Bulgarian-Turkish situation. Unless, therefore, we are to expect the Red Army to retain the initiative alone, we must take the initiative ourselves. A second front on the continent remains the central problem in the strategy of the war.

More voices are being added to the demand for a second front; one of the most authoritative was Lieut. Col. W. F. Kernan's voice on the Town Hall Meeting of the Air program, April 3. Kernan emphasized that Europe was the *decisive* theater, that our offensive must bring down on Hitler *preponderant* forces, and that it must jibe with the Red Army's fighting at the *right time,* which Kernan judged to be this spring and summer. In all three concepts, he stands on what seems to us firm ground.

All the more disappointing then to find

Free Earl Browder, Mr. President

LOOKING back at the recent Free Browder Congress, one's appreciation of some aspects becomes even sharper than at the time. Those who read Benjamin Appel's report on the Congress in last week's NEW MASSES have an idea of its color and vitality and importance to America. Yet it is not possible to depict a meeting of this sort fully in a single article. Glancing over the report of the Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder, which was presented to the Congress, reminds us of certain significant phases. We are struck, for example, by the very large number of different trades and professions represented in the army of citizens who have urged the freeing of Browder. Besides the millions of trade unionists, there are the scientists, the educators, public officials, lawyers, editors, authors . . . and so on.

In the non-labor press the long silence concerning the Browder case has begun to give way. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* for example, published on March 29 a lengthy review of the case by its chief Washington correspondent, Raymond P. Brandt, headed "Move Growing for Release of Earl Browder." There is also a healthy reflection of public sentiment in the letters-from-readers columns of some papers. These columns make an excellent public forum for presenting Browder's case—for the facts in the case are so plain, the issues of justice and fair play are so appealing to Americans, that the very airing of the truth is bound to have its effect. If you have not already done so, we ask you to get your neighbor or shopmate, your trade union local, fraternal, or community organization—to ask the President that he grant this great anti-fascist fighter his freedom.

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Ralph Bates in last week's *Nation* apologizing rather weakly for the absence of a second front. That Britain must be defended as an island fortress is true. But is not her best defense to force Germany to spend its power in western Europe? Was it not always the maxim of the British High Command that the Germans had to be stopped in Belgium and the Low Countries? Then, obviously the continent is where to defend England now. And to hold the Middle East, what is easier? To ship men and materials over a far-flung line or to divert Hitler's forces to the west and thus prevent the deployment of his armies toward Suez? *The second front is the key not only for the relief of the Red Army but for the defense of Britain and the United States.* It is the way to ensure the decisive victory over our enemies this year.

Good News from Canada

REALLY encouraging news from Canada across the border is that a number of important anti-fascists have just been released from internment. "Pat" Sullivan, leader of the powerful Canadian Seaman's Union, who was interned in June 1940, is now free; along with him several other seamen's leaders were released. Dr. Howard A. Lowrie, prominent Toronto physician, has also been freed, and according to the new Minister of Justice, Louis St. Laurent, "quite a large number" of other internees will soon see the daylight. Many of these brave Canadians have volunteered in Canada's army. Others return to frontline posts in the fight for Canada's full participation in the war, which will be voted on by the people in the form of a plebiscite on April 27. The two-year fight for democratic liberties in Canada now comes to a close with full victory in sight. Both the Ottawa government and the great movement for justice that was built up in Canada these two long years are to be congratulated. The legalization of the Canadian Communist Party should now be the logical next step.

Decision Without Justice

THE Supreme Court decision that a strike by seamen aboard a ship is mutiny even if the vessel is docked in a port is an unfortunate departure from the spirit of national unity that ought to govern the highest tribunal of the land in this war crisis. That the court divided five to four hardly strengthens its position since this virtually means that one man has overthrown a ruling by a major federal agency, the National Labor Relations Board, and deprived American seamen of what they regard as one of their precious rights.

The case before the court resulted from a sitdown strike in July 1938 by members of the National Maritime Union on the *City of Fort Worth* while it was docked at Houston, Tex. The strike occurred because of the refusal of the ship owners, the Southern Steamship Co. of Philadelphia, to bargain collectively after the union had won an election. To call such a strike mutiny is to twist both law and logic and to revive archaic concepts which the National Labor Relations Act was designed to correct. The fact that Justice James F. Byrnes, in delivering the majority opinion, went back for precedents to 1790, before any trade unions existed in this country, and to 1835, when strikes were still generally regarded as illegal conspiracies, only underlines the business-as-usual character of the decision. Justice Byrnes attempts to draw a parallel between the situation on the *City of Fort Worth* and the *Normandie* fire. But the dissenting opinion, written by Justice Reed, counters: "The seamen's conduct did not affect the safety of the vessel." A far more accurate parallel would have been with a strike on land.

This case is a relic of the pre-war days. Since the NMU, in common with the entire labor movement, has pledged to refrain from strike action for the duration, the issue in an immediate sense is largely academic. Under the circumstances and in the spirit of the Wagner act the only realistic decision would have been to have given the NLRB the benefit of the doubt and upheld its ruling that the Southern Steamship Co. reinstate with back pay five seamen who were fired after the strike.

How Long?

TWO more Negro soldiers have been killed, five wounded, before they had a chance to fight in the war against the Axis. They were the casualties of racial friction at Fort Dix, N. J. Judging from newspaper reports, the relations between Fort Dix Negro and white soldiers as a whole were amicable, with the exception of a small group of chauvinist southerners in the camp who kept the atmosphere tense with their antagonism toward the Negroes. In addition, the latter were shoved around by certain townspeople who apparently want only "Nordics" to defend them from Hitler's "blond gods." In the ugly situation thus created a white military policeman fired a shot and a small battle ensued. A white MP was also killed in the fighting.

This sacrifice to Jim Crow occurred in the same week that Secretary of the Navy Knox cited a Negro messman for heroism —"Dorie" Miller, the son of Texas sharecroppers, who manned two machine guns for the first time in his life during the attack on Pearl Harbor. The reason why Miller had never touched a machine gun before was that he hadn't been permitted to. Negroes in the Navy hold no rank higher than that of messman. But "Dorie," like thousands of Negroes in our armed forces, did not let either rank or discrimination interfere when it came to fighting off his country's mortal enemies.

Surely it is time—high time—that the heroism and democratic understanding of America's Negroes be matched by equally democratic practices toward them. It is good news that the Navy Department now employs twice as many Negroes as it did four months ago. It is heartening to read President Roosevelt's promise to the Fraternal Council of Negro Churches that greater opportunity will be given Negroes for participation in war work and in the army and navy. The FBI is reported to be investigating the horrible lynching which occurred in Sikeston, Mo., on January 24. But more than this is demanded: an end to discrimination in the military and in industry, as well as in civilian war agencies. As James E. Shephard, president of the North Carolina College for Negroes, states it in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune,* published April 5: "We shall have to use our democracy or we shall lose our democracy. Thirteen million Americans cannot be ignored."

Pacifist Rot

UNTIL a week or so ago Lew Ayres dwelled on a mountain top, apart from human beings except for a few chosen friends. He came down to tell a draft board that he "abhorred war" and would have no part in this one. Mr. Ayres, it seems, experienced the horrors of war through playing in a movie about it, and he believes in the "creed of non-resistance to evil." Accordingly he has been listed as a conscientious objector and assigned to a camp where, with other objectors, he can fell trees and cut underbrush as his share in a war against the greatest evil that has ever threatened the world—an evil that will engulf mountain tops no less than lowlands if it is not fought with every nerve and muscle by democrats all over the earth. Mr. Ayres will let others do that fighting for him. Does he, perhaps, assume that they like war—that only his own desire for peace is so pure that it can ignore the blitzes and bombs unloosed on peace-loving people? Or does he believe that the Axis has never been confronted with a real example of goodness and will shrivel before the sight? Even on his mountain top Mr. Ayres must have learned, if he will not admit it, that Nazism itself is war and the source of unending wars. There will be no peace until it is vanquished by arms everywhere throughout the world.

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Thumbs Down on Steinbeck's Novel

[Comment by Samuel Sillen on the following letters appears on page 22.]

TO NEW MASSES: To enter objections to something which, though even in a limited way, serves the immediate cause of unity against fascism is hard. But I think it must be done.

It is good that the popular author of the great book *The Grapes of Wrath* should have devoted his talents to a book meant to serve our war effort; and it is good that the Book-of-the-Month Club is circulating it, thereby assuring that more than 300,000 copies will promptly be in readers' hands. But I think the book is not good enough. I think it is as harmful to be contented with too little in our writing as in our fighting. And I think it is important not to justify or rationalize the thinness of the narrative and the characterization, as I think Mr. Sillen and Miss Buck have done (NM, March 24), but analyze it and explain it.

I will not go into such weaknesses of the book as its sentimentality because that, like the thinness of action and character, derives from the same thing, Steinbeck's recent pseudo-scientific, pseudo-philosophic view of man and Fate, with human beings as the continuing victims of a growing mechanization of life, etc., etc., and no better than the poor fish of the sea.

That was the human picture projected philosophically in his previous book *Sea of Cortez;* and that is the picture we have, again, in *The Moon Is Down.* Men have gone a long way since Aesop; and modern attempts to read human life into frogs and lizards have not been very valuable. Neither, today, is it very valuable to put human beings in terms of animals. Unfortunately the human beings in *The Moon Is Down* are reduced to an animal-like simplicity, astoundingly different from the virile people of *Grapes of Wrath.*

I used to know an anarchist long ago named Hippolyte Havell. For all his anarchist's insistence on the independence of the individual, Hippolyte always had one inevitable phrase of sympathy, "poor little doggie!" To him, human beings were all "poor little doggies."

In Steinbeck's book everybody, both the conquered and the conquerors, are poor fish—or poor doggies—the conquerors all the more so because they have conceived themselves as something superior, only to learn in the lovelessness of their conqueror's role that they are only poor fish after all.

As long as Steinbeck sticks to this reduced, fish-eye view of human beings, he will produce, in his writing, poor fish instead of human beings.

The poor-fish conquerors in *The Moon Is Down* are shown as the victims of over-organization who, as soon as they are cold-shouldered in the conquered country, go to pieces. Nonsense. All the evidence points to the effectiveness of the Nazi conditioning by which all that is brutal in a man has been developed. The Nazis have been systematically calloused by their education. They do not go to pieces until they are shot to pieces. That is the lesson of their actions and the Steinbeck treatment is no help in learning it. Let us keep in mind that the Nazis have been trained to carry out known, formulated plans for the extermination of several of the peoples of Europe to which they are applying their scientific knowledge and their organizational apparatus and their soldiery. To keep them from carrying out that terrible plan calls for bloody action, for the gun not the cold shoulder.

The poor fish conquered are shown as going into opposition not by organization, but merely by getting steadily angrier and refusing to love the conquerors. They are made to seem so effective that the dynamiting they begin to do at the end seems scarcely more necessary than to serve as a symbol.

The town where all this occurs is a port and mining town. The invaders have come in, in order to control the output of its coal mines. In such a town there must have been some organization. But not in the book. There is no organization. There is no political party. There is no trade union. The local Quisling is of no class or party. The mayor is of no class or party. Everybody is on his own. But somehow, mysteriously, the conquered poor fish who are sullen begin to triumph over the conquering poor fish who want to be loved.

It is this view of the situation that constitutes the chief disappointment of *The Moon Is Down.* Even assuming that Steinbeck's way might be preferable, that unity could be achieved by osmosis and effective action by everybody's individual improvisation, there is nothing in history to give us any confidence that it will, or can happen that way. . . .

Poor little doggies may not be able to organize, but human beings can and have. It is because of the presence and immediate functioning of their *strong organizations* that the people of the Soviet Union were able to achieve something much better than the moony resistance of Steinbeck's poor, little unorganized doggies.

With this kept clear, we can express our limited satisfaction with Mr. Steinbeck's contribution. But we can, and should make it known that we expect something more.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

TO NEW MASSES: Mr. Steinbeck's new novel, *The Moon Is Down,* reads too much like an apology for the fascist mentality. . . . I believe that the principal fallacy of *The Moon Is Down* lies in its fatalism and its naive philosophical idealism that flatly contradict the lessons that have been learned by the victims of fascist aggression.

. . . It is *because* Steinbeck portrays the Nazi conquerors as victims of inexorable, mechanical forces in life that make of them cynical, cruel, and really inhuman people in their savagery, but nonetheless human beings enjoying the commonplace things as other men do; *because* Steinbeck pictures the diabolically clever, ruthless, and barbaric Nazi system in terms of this *duality,* that *The Moon Is Down* leaves me with the feeling that Steinbeck has become ensnared in the web of his own humanist thinking. Thus, what purports to be an anti-fascist book is *in effect* an apologia.

I believe that we must not differentiate between the system of Nazism and its active and leading proponents. We must learn that once these Nazi leaders participate in the cruelties of military aggression, that whatever is decent and human in them must become transmogrified. I contend that it is impossible for these conquerors to retain their humanness and yet commit the barbarities that the whole world has come to experience. To the contrary, I believe that we must learn to *identify* the fascist character with the rape, plunder, and devastation that is visited upon the peoples by Wehrmacht aggression. We must learn how the process of Nazification dehumanizes the individual to such an extent that he will fight until death for that which he believes in.

The final effect of such a book is to weaken the singleness of purpose that must animate the anti-fascist struggle. The fight against the invaders must be waged not with pity and human "understanding"—but with bitter, intense hatred.

JOEL SHAW.

TO NEW MASSES: I find myself in sharp disagreement with Pearl Buck and Samuel Sillen on Steinbeck's book; it seemed to me a hasty and imperfect piece of ersatz. . . . Its superficiality is no doubt the result of haste. For the book is an obvious "quickie"; its style, though direct and smooth enough, betrays a search for easy effects. The Nazis are presented in hurried thumbnail sketches. They do not reveal themselves through speech or action; instead, you are told about them in bright generalities—one loves the English, one loves dark women, one loves mathematics. . . . How inferior this characterization is to Steinbeck's best may be seen through the portrait of Corell, the one completely realized character in the book. . . .

Haste cannot explain the book's perverted characterization; only foggy thinking can be blamed for that. Steinbeck has, quite correctly, avoided the prevailing temptation of making his Nazis inhuman monsters. Unfortunately he has leaned over backward so far as to make them Rover Boys. A Nazi is a human being who has been warped by a frightful social system, a frightful ideology, a frightful example, and a frightful education. But the sweet and simple lads who talk about "girls" in sugary phrases in *The Moon Is Down* are not only no Nazis; they are no men. These German officers—it is significant that no privates appear, Steinbeck restricts himself wherever possible to "gentlemen"—these officers conduct a war in terms of embarrassed apology, never use a naughty word or tell a dirty joke, moan softly to themselves when compelled to shoot somebody. Like Hemingway's Robert Jordan, they are disintegrating intellectuals forced by their authors into positions they would never occupy in life. Nor has Steinbeck made the slightest effort to show how years of Nazism affect human psychology; his Germans might never have listened to a Hitler speech, they hate no one. To reduce this omission to its last absurdity: can anyone imagine a good Nazi youth to whom mysterious dark women represent a romantic ideal? Steinbeck has overlooked the "Aryan" myth, along with all the other horrors which make Nazis what they are. Yet one glance at the reports from any invaded country should have been enough to awaken him.

For some reason, Steinbeck has shown the enslaved people, his real heroes, much less sympathy than he has shown the Nazis. Although much is said in general terms about the people's fighting spirit, the actual anti-Nazi struggle is carried on mainly by a doctor and a mayor, two middle class intellectuals. When workers do appear they are usually presented with a sneer. . . .

That the book is neat and slick and competent in many ways cannot be denied; Steinbeck is an adroit craftsman. That it is a genuine contribution to anti-Nazi literature, or, indeed, anything more than a cynical attempt to cash in on the headlines, no one undazzled by Steinbeck's previous well earned prestige can believe for long. In its technical shoddiness and lack of human understanding, *The Moon Is Down* seems to me the work of a man who has mislaid his literary conscience.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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THUMBS UP ON "THE MOON IS DOWN"

[*The three letters discussed here are on page 21.*]

Not since *Native Son* has a book aroused so much controversy. Wright's novel and Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down* are of course altogether different books and provoke altogether different questions of detail. At bottom, however, there is a similar problem of evaluation. Does Steinbeck's book make a genuine contribution to the anti-fascist fight? Or does it, despite Steinbeck's obvious intention, furnish aid and comfort to the enemy? These were also the basic questions involved in the Wright controversy. Readers may differ on matters of degree. They may be conscious of specific limitations. But in the long run discussion boils down to a clearcut disagreement over whether the book merits a positive or negative response. This is the paramount issue, and our answer to it provides the context within which any reservations and qualifications are made.

While Isidor Schneider expresses his "limited satisfaction" with the book, he builds up a case which, if true, can give us room only for unlimited dissatisfaction with it. For if it is true that Steinbeck has a "fish-eye" view of human beings and produces "poor fish" and "poor doggies"; if it is true that Steinbeck asks us to give fascism the "cold shoulder" rather than active opposition—then Steinbeck has written a fascist and not an anti-fascist book, however limited. This view is stated quite explicitly by Joel Shaw, who believes that the book is "in effect an apologia" for fascism. Similarly Joy Davidman finds the book "cynical" and distinctly not a contribution to anti-Nazi literature. And this attitude I have heard expressed, with as much heat as sincerity, by several anti-fascist writers in the past few weeks.

On this central issue I agree emphatically with Miss Buck's judgment. I welcome *The Moon Is Down* as an effective contribution to our world-wide fight for freedom. To be sure, this is not by a long shot the greatest book of our time, nor is it the greatest of Steinbeck's books. Nobody in his right senses has made such a claim. But before we examine the book's limitations, let us be sure that we have properly judged its positive accomplishment.

1. The "poor fish" argument. Actually, the whole burden of the book is that, contrary to the Nazi view, people are not fish or animals or anything of the sort. "To break man's spirit permanently," says Mayor Orden of the invaded town, is "the one impossible job in the world." His people, he says elsewhere, don't like to have others think for them. The commanding Nazi officer, Colonel Lanser, replies impatiently: "Always the people! the people are disarmed. The people have no say." But Orden shakes his head and tells the colonel that he just doesn't know what he is talking about. When the miner Alex Morden is about to be executed by the invaders, Orden tells him: "Alex, go, knowing that these men will have no rest at all until they are gone, or dead. You will make the people one. No rest at all." This is no fish-eye view of humanity. The story emphasizes, in the words of the mayor's friend, Dr. Winter, that the unconquered have as many heads as they have people; in time of need leaders pop up like mushrooms. And the dignity, strength, will of the people are reflected not only in words but in action—which leads us to:

2. The "cold shoulder" argument. The fact is that the technique of cold contempt and passive resistance is not of itself to be dismissed as a weapon. I quote not from Steinbeck's book but from an appeal issued by the Norwegian opposition: "Never look at Germans, never show them any friendliness if you must have dealings with them." This is an effective form of resistance. Indeed, the strategy of the Nazis for a period in Norway and elsewhere was to give the appearance of "friendly collaboration," and their failure to achieve this was a genuine defeat. In any case, the whole point of *The Moon Is Down* is that passive resistance is *not* enough. Remember that this is an isolated, small town on the coast. The wires, we are told, have been cut. The town's few soldiers are away with the main force. This is a land, we learn, that has had no war for 100 years. And yet, as the action develops, the invading officer Bentick is killed. The engineer Hunter is forced to build the same siding four times. Machinery breaks down. When the English planes come over, there is always a light near the coal mine to guide them; the Nazis shoot a man with a lantern and a girl with a flashlight. The dynamo is constantly short-circuited and the officers have to work by candlelight. Colonel Lanser is forced to call for reinforcements. Lieutenant Tonder is stabbed to death. And so on.

And this systematic sabotage is still not enough. Dr. Winter says: "We are disarmed; our spirits and bodies aren't enough." So Winter and Orden tell the Anders boys who are secretly sailing for England: tell them the invaders are using hunger on us now, "Tell them from us—from a small town—to give us weapons." They ask for grenades, poison, explosives. Let the British bombers drop big bombs on the works, they say, but urge them also to send weapons for us. Then Tom Anders says that he has heard there are still men in England "who do not dare to put weapons in the hands of the common people." But Orden says we must continue to appeal; if we get help we will help ourselves; we will blow up the enemy's supplies. Finally the help does come, in the form of dynamite dropped by small parachutes. And in the final scene, as Orden is sentenced to death, we hear the sound of explosions rolling through the hills; we hear the splintering of wood, the shattering of glass. Orden can die knowing the truth of the Socratean words that "punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you." And all of that does not strike me as a cold-shoulder plea.

3. The apologia argument. Objection is raised to the picture of the invaders' disintegrating morale. Steinbeck shows, for example, the psychological breakdown of the Nazi Lieutenant Tonder, the mystical romantic who had longed to die on the battlefield with weeping parents and a sad Leader in the background. He had even composed his dying words. But the war so far, as we are told, had been against unarmed, planless enemies. Here it was different. The pressure of resistance was increasing. No soldier could relax. The invaders know that with the slightest misstep, the slightest crackup, "These people will not spare us. They will kill us all." The news from home says that everywhere the conqueror goes he is greeted by kisses and flowers. But then the thought occurs: Won't they be telling men elsewhere the same thing about *us?* What happened to Tonder once the doubt and terror entered? I quote from Curt Reiss' account of Norway in his forthcoming *Underground Europe:* "Many soldiers fell a prey to depression, and depression caused a succession of suicides. Officers shot themselves, and private soldiers hanged themselves." What happens to Tonder does not happen to *all* the invaders: Captain Loft shouts fiercely, "We can beat them off the face of the earth." The corporal and private, parroting their Leader, say the people are fools, "They can't plan the way we can"—at the very moment, ironically, when plans for their destruction are under way.

Orders from the Nazi capital are to shoot the leaders, shoot hostages, shoot more hostages. Lanser obeys, though he sees the hatred growing deeper. And Lanser, who has followed what he believes to be the "sensible" strategy, is superseded by the openly brutal Quisling, Corell. The bloody reprisals that have already led to the shooting of Alex Morden and the sentence on the mayor will now increase in savagery.

I for one do not get the impression of sympathy with Tonder and his fellows to the point where I want to forgive and forget

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all. On the contrary, I see the corrupting and degenerating influence of the force behind them. I do not feel "kindly" toward the creatures of this force, any more than Orden and Winter do, and they are the kindliest of men.

And yet, it is altogether true, I believe, that Steinbeck has failed to project the full horror of the Nazi way of life. The monstrous crimes which Molotov described in his Paper on Nazi Atrocities are muffled unduly in *The Moon Is Down,* and that is its chief limitation. In this respect the novel fails to challenge a certain inability on the part of many people to wake up to the full meaning of Nazi barbarism. Steinbeck, it is true, is not writing about the Eastern Front; but in however limited a situation, this basic aspect of Nazi behavior needs sharper and clearer definition. We tend to be skeptical of what we sometimes call "atrocity stories"; we must recognize their reality in a hurry.

It is true, moreover, that the characterization in this book is not very profound. The parable technique is self-limiting. It produces a singleness of dimension that makes the very word novel seem a misnomer. One may legitimately question the value of the whole device; but once you have accepted it, I don't see any ground for the charges of shoddiness and slickness and mislaid literary conscience that Joy Davidman levels against the book. I see no reason to question its integrity. I think it is far-fetched to use *The Grapes of Wrath* as a measuring stick. The plain fact is that *The Grapes of Wrath* was based on a period of immersion in the milieu which it portrays. It could not have been written by a European living abroad. The technique of the later book is a natural enough adjustment to the problem with which Steinbeck was faced. He wanted to depict certain basic ideas about the Nazi "New Order." He had no firsthand experience with it.

I suppose one can say in reply that he had better not have touched the theme at all. And that gets us back to the basic issue. There is a lack of proportion in much of the criticism that has been launched against Steinbeck's book. I can readily understand differences in the degree of enthusiasm with which it has been greeted; there is, after all, a residue of individual taste about which it is difficult to argue. I can understand and agree with specific details of the criticism, several of which I have been unable to deal with here. But I think that to jump on the book because it is not a perfect book is like jumping on an ally because it is not a perfect ally. Properly read and properly interpreted—and I don't mean finding things in it that are not clearly there—the book is an artistic weapon in the fight. The people in that small coastal town are waiting for more and more planes for which they can light lanterns, more and more dynamite with which they can blow up bridges and tracks. They want help, and they will help themselves. *The Moon Is Down* should assist, not hinder, the fight which they wage with us.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

PEN AND RIFLE

The recent meeting of Soviet writers. Ilya Ehrenbourg's advice.

Moscow (by cable).

THE presiding body of the Union of Soviet writers met in Moscow recently. Writers from various Soviet Republics, many of them on leave from the front, were gathered in the Writers Club. Moscow was represented by Stavsky, Ehrenbourg, Seifulina, Kataev, Eugene Petrov, Fadeyev, and others. Ukrainian literature was represented by such outstanding writers as Kornychuk, Pervomaisky, and Tychina. Wanda Wassilewska, the courageous daughter of the Polish people, was present. The meeting was also attended by Byelorussian, Georgian, Armenian, and Azerbaijan writers.

IN HIS ADDRESS on writers in the patriotic war, Fadeyev showed that writers have been taking an active part since the outbreak of the struggle. Some of them are fighting with arms; others are doing their bit as art workers. Fadeyev cited typical figures showing that 230 out of a total of 800 members in the Moscow group are now at the front. Leningrad writers have sent many of their number to the front lines and the whole organization is engaged in defense work. Over sixty writers of the Soviet Ukraine are taking part in the fighting. In Byelorussia, practically all the writers are in the ranks. In many towns, particularly in those adjacent to the front, writers help in the work of the army press, and in Rostov the whole writers' organization joined the army.

But there are other important fields of activities for writers behind the lines. Many writers take part in daily radio broadcasts, contribute to the political press, and together with the artists make up the famous Tass displays—colored posters whose drawings and satirical text show up the Nazi bandits in their true colors. These exhibitions, organized throughout the country, have won great popularity.

Fadeyev emphasized that the writers who choose to wait till their material "seasons," and miss this great opportunity, are finished as writers; for time will pass them by. Fadeyev pointed out that while Soviet writers were not engaged in the production of full length novels, poems, etc., they were doing excellent work and displaying real talent in articles for the periodical press, for example. Discussing several such articles by Soviet writers, Fadeyev stressed the increased importance of newspaper articles and dealt with the recent contributions by Alexei Tolstoy. Tolstoy's articles are based on living experiences and are imbued with devotion to the Soviet country and a great love for the Russian people, past and present. Such articles by Tolstoy as "Fatherland" or articles by Sergeyev Tsensky are excellent examples of constructive literary effort, depicting the heroic activities of the people. Fadeyev paid special tribute to the work of Ilya Ehrenbourg, whose biting satire has won great popularity among army readers.

The war has brought to the fore many writers of the younger generation. Among these an important place must go to Stavsky, whose feature stories, particularly in the days when Moscow was immediately endangered, were reprinted by practically every paper in the country and read with closest attention.

BUT NOT ONLY in newspaper articles have the Soviet writers made a name. Short stories have again come into their own. Great progress has been made by poets both of the older generation and especially of the younger generation, many of whom write directly from the front lines. In this connection Fadeyev dealt with the work of Marshak, whose inscriptions to Kukrinisksy's cartoons are very popular with the people and the army. Fadeyev also dealt with the writers working for the theater and cinema. He described the immense success of such plays as Symionav's *Boy from Our Town,* Kornychuk's *Partisans in Ukraine* and *Steppe,* and plays by Vurgun. The cinema studios are working on scenarios by Kaplen, Kornychuk, and Alexei Tolstoy.

The meeting gave a warm welcome to Stavsky, who related many interesting episodes at the front. It would be wrong, he said, to think that in the first six months of the war our army only retreated. Writers must show in concrete facts that, from the first days of the war, we inflicted powerful blows on the enemy and these are now bearing fruit. We must explain to readers how it happened that though the Germans were approaching closer and closer to Moscow, we were becoming more and more confident. We must describe the Moscow girls who dug fortifications in snow storms and erected the barriers that stemmed the German hordes. When you think of the heroes and our own work, you realize what responsibility revolves on us and how much more there still is to be done.

Representatives of fraternal Republics, writers Iraaki Abashidze, Haiiri Zaryan, and Samed Vurgun told of the enormous work being done in Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan. Pavilo Tychina gave an interesting analysis of the patriotic motifs in the work of the Ukrainian writers. As an illustration, he read

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selections from the verse by Russky, Bazhan, Pervomaisky, Molyshko, and others. Mikhaslynkov and Alexander Kornychuk spoke on behalf of the writers whose homeland has been temporarily occupied by the enemy. "The Germans broke through to the Ukraine by overwhelming force," Kornychuk said. "They thought that under pressure of this force, we would be panic-stricken. But the Soviet people showed no signs of panic. Ukraine's writers too showed no weakness and we can say with pride that the Ukrainian intelligentsia withstood this political test."

A letter full of hatred for Hitlerism and confidence in its inevitable doom was sent to the presiding body by the well known antifascist writers Willie Bredel, Erich Weinert, and Friedrich Wolf.

Ilya Ehrenbourg said in part: "Much has been said here about how war has affected the work of this or that writer or poet. To me it seems much more important to establish what influence the writer's work has on the soldiers. Time was when we met here to discuss literary trends and movements. What literary movement predominates today? There is only one movement, to the West," exclaimed Ehrenbourg amidst loud applause from the audience. "We must learn to formulate our thoughts speedily, to think all the time of better and more effective ways of crushing the enemy. This is no time to think of what work is more important, what work is less. At one time architects designed beautiful buildings, now they are all working on camouflage. But this work too will go down in the history of our war and our victory. Those who lived these months and were active participants in the events, will create wonderful books. I never like to discuss preparations for monumental works. The time for those will come and we shall have to give people books incomparably better than those written before the war. But it is premature now to speak of a new *War and Peace*. We must speak only of war and war without quotation marks."

THE LAST SPEAKER in the discussion was G. Alexandrov, head of the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, who said in part: "Formerly the writer would assimilate the meaning of events only long after they had taken place. In our day people fully understand the character of the past and of coming events, and this understanding enables the writer to act differently. He can foresee with great clarity our future progress and will not require much time to systematize his material, to understand it before writing. There are still writers who prefer to remain silent; they are few and we can only pity them. Life will pass them by and other more talented people will take their place. There are writers whose voice could be heard louder and we must help them become more active. The Writers Union has much to perform but all its tasks could be formulated by saying: not one writer is to remain without work for the front and the country."

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RADIO ENLISTS

Tune in these days and you'll hear plenty that hurts Hitler. The value of "This Is War" and other programs. A survey of the networks by Norma Sherin.

TODAY, some four months after December 7, there have been considerable changes in the broadcast band. They did not come, perhaps as fast as we might logically have expected, nor as much as we would still like, but the radio of today has some surprisingly exciting programs on the air, well worth our best attention. Run through the Sunday radio supplements, the programs for the full week. Besides the much-publicized "This Is War!," there are "Keep 'Em Rolling," "They Live Forever," "It's the Navy," the new "Army Hour," the "Treasury Star Revue," "Service with a Smile," which tours the camps, "Report to the Nation," the Freedom House program, and a host of special programs not regularly scheduled, but nonetheless often on a very high level. Grant that it is not enough, but it is still far more than most people realize.

And it carries throughout the days, as well as the nights. By day, "Ma Perkins' " daughter will carry on with her work until her fiance returns from the war; "Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne" makes quite a point of participation in the war effort, her father having been bombed in England; "Big Sister" is busy with civilian defense; "Front Page Farrell" has joined up, and his wife, her sister, and her mother got themselves defense jobs so that he could. And so on, with a few others. This is not precisely informing the people truly about the nature of fascism, but it's the best the writers can do under the circumstances. Martha Deane, a commentator, might be singled out for special praise: on the Friday before International Women's Day, she not only mentioned that celebration but gave a fine and detailed account of what women in the Soviet Union are accomplishing. She, in company with other commentators of the Mutual Broadcasting System, broadcasts chatty, informal talks on the various issues of the day relating to the war, instead of just reeling off the spot announcements worked up by the government for radio. This idea was thought up by Bob Simon, WOR's chief continuity writer, and it works.

By night, the attention paid by radio to the war is a little more forthright. Of the best known, "Keep 'Em Rolling" (WOR, 10:30 PM, Sundays) is the War Production Board's show, and is a routine variety show often lacking in imagination. "They Live Forever" (same time, same night, WABC) has had some extremely tough dramatizations based on the lives of our heroic dead. The writers on this show do not hesitate to mention blood and its letting, and death, and revenge. Nor do they pull their punches with war profiteers. (One bit ran something like this: "You want to profit out of this war? The government sells bonds at two percent. That's for you. Now get out of our way, and let us get on with winning this war.")

Another show, the "Treasury Star Revue," is recorded each week by Bill Bacher, using Fredric March as master of ceremonies with guest stars. It lasts only fifteen minutes, and has not yet been placed with any of the networks. But out-of-town listeners can hear it, and it's been very good. Another fifteen-minute feature which bobs up every now and then over Mutual is a remote broadcast conducted by Fulton Lewis, Jr., Mutual's Washington commentator. He takes the microphone right into a national defense plant, talks with the manager and the workers. Although this idea has not yet been fully exploited, it is tremendously exciting listening.

By far the most important show, however, both from the standpoint of technical excellence and because it is an official government show, is "This Is War." Despite the fact that it is broadcast at 7 PM on Saturday, perhaps the worst night time listening hour of all, it has increased its audience by fifty percent since its inception. Some twenty-five percent of the nation's radios tune in to hear it. And it is a good example of the objective trials that confront anyone who wants to broadcast an anti-fascist radio program today. No show was ever more criticized than "This Is War." It's too grim, it isn't grim enough, it's too poetic, it's too pretentious, it's Communistic, it's this and that. Norman Corwin as radio's outstanding talent and Hay McClinton, the vice-president in charge of radio for N. W. Ayer who is the show's perceptive and understanding producer, have gone gray listening to beefs from every direction. Not only must the Office of Facts and Figures okay the script, but this show is being paid for by the four networks, which makes the network also sponsor. Boy!

Despite all these problems, "This Is War" has done great good. Certainly it has come closest to "informing the people." Those connected with the show feel that of the first seven programs, the first, Corwin's "America at War," and the fifth, George Faulkner's "The United Nations," were good shows; and that only the second, "The White House and the War," was poor. It is interesting to note that the two best were the only ones written by radio writers. The balance of the thirteen shows will probably not be written

"On the Prairie" by Matthew Barnes. From the collection of Artie Shaw, currently showing in the "Art and the Stars" Exhibition at the Demotte Galleries, 39 E. 51 St., New York City.

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Nearly every one of the first seven programs of "This Is War" had its moments of high emotion and profound meaning: visualize, if you did not hear him, Thomas Mitchell speaking of the sounds of America's assembly lines:

Mitchell: Yes, they hear the hum of a multitude of turbines . . . the pound of a myriad of giant drop forges . . . the roar of blast furnaces . . . the clanking uproar of assembly lines . . . the birth sounds of great armies gathering . . . tumult and shouting across a nation desperately working against time . . . against time . . . against time . . . *(Sound out abruptly)*

Mitchell: It is well those sounds are loud sounds. It is well they drown out—almost—other sounds the ears of the armies of the united people might hear . . . a voice, for example in the parlor lounge of the five o'clock train from Washington to New York . . . *(Interior coach sounds in and under)*

Voice: (very oily and confidential) Now, you mark my words, J. B., we're going to have to fight the Reds before we're through, or there'll be revolution right here in this country. Yessir, right here in our own backyard, if people like you and me don't pull together against the damn Jews. The first thing *(Fade)* we've got to do is organize all the right-thinking . . . *(Sound out)*

Mitchell: Rat voices, these, the murmurings of vermin. Pearl Harbor scared 'em back into the woodwork, for about three days. The filth they sell is stamped "Made in Germany." . . .

It was on "This Is War" that Crispus Attucks was first mentioned on a network show; "This Is War" pointed the finger at *Social Justice* for its anti-Semitism. Does it surprise you that the mere mention of *Social Justice* on the air should be worthy of comment? We tend to forget that radio is very tightly controlled, that four big national chains own or have an understanding with almost every important local outlet in the country. Four? It's really three: NBC can split up like an amoeba, and call itself the Blue Network and the National Broadcasting Co., but they still have the same telephone number. They are not, may we suggest, precisely bitter competitors.

This background should highlight even more the considerable contributions of "This Is War." When this program gets going on the appeasers, when it lights into the fifth column, it is doing the greatest service of any program on radio today. When it speaks glowingly of our allies, it is "truly informing" the people. If there is any complaint to be voiced, it would be that "This Is War" does not affirm resolutely enough the opportunity at hand to crush Hitler this spring and summer of 1942. Rather too much emphasis is laid on the hardships of the next long, long hard years before we can get around to tackling Hitler.

The trade magazine *Variety* took impa-

CONTINUED . . .

because many artists contributed their work too late to be put up for auction, and because a great number of people were unable to attend the auction on Sunday April 5th, and because there were far too many pieces to be disposed of in one day.

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tient notice recently of the many unfriendly critics, both amateur and professional, of "This Is War." Their commendable editorial reminded the radio field not to "underestimate what 'This Is War' has done and is doing as a first try, a tentative beginning, a hurried, improvised, trail-blazing job of morale under difficult, confused conditions quickly following . . . the fine job of morale-undermining by friends of the Axis in our midst. They only gave up speaking on the radio a little while ago!"

A word should be said about radio as an agency of morale for the army itself. Very little in this direction has been done, despite its extreme importance. Some commercial programs, like the Jack Benny show, the Bing Crosby show, and so on, have been shortwaved abroad, beamed directly at our soldiers in action overseas. There is also a US Army transcribed show "Command Performance," which is made specifically for overseas consumption, and cannot be heard in this country. First steps, again; but radio is learning.

All the techniques of informing the people have been slow. Radio has been slowest of the lot. But, like the others, radio is beginning to harness its strength. The American Federation of Radio Actors, the Radio Writers' Guild via its special war effort committee—these groups have taken action and can be depended on to take more. No longer do the people in the radio field have the uncomfortable feeling that of all America only radio has not declared war on the Axis. There is still plenty of business-as-usual in radio; but every week gives stirring evidence of the potentialities. And it may be that the FCC will one day soon demand that these potentialities really be tapped.

NORMA SHERIN.

Fourth Down

A new movie with some incompleted forward passes.

"THE MALE ANIMAL" is a triumph wreathed with ifs and buts. It marks Hollywood's first cognizance of the Sacco-Vanzetti judicial murder; it champions academic freedom against the witch-hunters; it unmasks fascist-minded college trustees; and (all this and heaven too) it is a murderous and hilarious satire on college football. That a film should raise these issues at all is admirable and unusual. The trouble is that, now and then, *The Male Animal* raises them only to drop them with a dull thud.

Its basic theme is tremendously vital. A young professor of English, thinking not of politics but of literature, proposes to read Vanzetti's magnificent farewell letter to his class. For this he is attacked as a Red by a fascist trustee who declares himself opposed to giving young people ideas. Threatened with the loss of his job, the professor realizes for the first time in his life what academic freedom means; he sticks to his guns, the letter is actually read to a class augmented by the

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entire college and faculty, and cheering students carry the professor through the streets. The trustee gives way gracefully. This last touch will not convince anyone who has read the reports of the Rapp-Coudert committee, for instance. In the main, however, the plot is well developed and intensely dramatic.

But the film's makers have seen fit to overlay their drama with "entertainment values"—a layer of wisecracks and a layer of sex. Swayed, no doubt, by old movie conventions, *The Male Animal* devotes as much time to lavish shots of football rallies and football games as if it had not just finished pointing out that football, after all, is not the real business of a university. True, the rally is screamingly funny in its imbecile way, and the spectacle of Eugene Pallette trying a flying tackle ought to make a lot of Old Alumni writhe. The farcical scene in which our young professor gets drunk and tries to fight his hated rival is a very nice drunk scene, in the best movie drunk tradition. Yet all this weakens the film as much as it enlivens. So do the irrelevant but luscious coeds who are dragged into the plot by, as it were, their garters; so does the comic triangle involving the professor, his pretty wife, and the ex-All American hero who was her first love. At times the issue of academic freedom is obscured by the question of whether a professor is as good a mate as a football star; and the whole business gets rather silly.

A naive overemphasis on the box-office may have dictated these trivialities. The film's attempt to sidestep its more serious issues, however, cannot be explained so indulgently. Nowhere, in much discussion of the Vanzetti letter, is there the slightest acknowledgment that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent men; nowhere is there any mention of the reasons for their martyrdom. The phase of academic freedom stressed is not the professor's right to present progressive ideas, but his right to present anything that happens to have a pleasing literary style, regardless of its ideas. He is quite willing to admit any attack on Vanzetti; he just thinks the man wrote a nice letter.

"But Vanzetti was an anarchist!" exclaims the trustee.

"Yes," says our hero, "and De Quincey was an opium-eater, and Poe was a drunkard, and Karl Marx was a Communist!"

This, in a film attacking Red-baiting! The implication that, like certain personal vices, progressive ideas are Not Nice, but to be tolerated if your prose is mellifluous, could hardly be improved on by Martin Dies—except that Dies wouldn't know good prose from Bruce Barton. Similarly, there is a certain snobbishness in the film's repeated insistence on Vanzetti's grammar; even broken English, it tells you patronizingly, can be moving.

The Male Animal must be accused of pulling its most important punches. It is nonetheless a fairly happy combination of serious ideas and screwball antics. Elliot Nugent's direction, though preserving qualities more theatrical than cinematic, is swift and fluent

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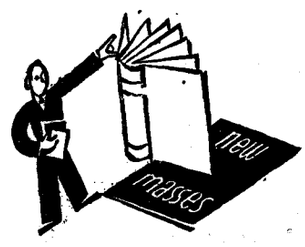

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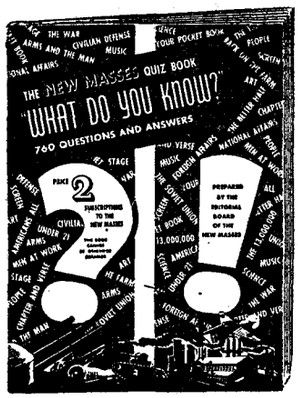
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in most sequences, degenerating into talkiness only when the professor tackles his marital problems very professorially. Henry Fonda's straightforward and likable professor, coupled with Eugene Pallette's brilliant assault on overstuffed college trustees, gives the film adult qualities; Olivia de Havilland's violent overplaying of the professor's wife does the reverse. Someone should tell her she's a big girl now.

WE CHOSE to visit *The Bugle Sounds* as a specimen of the current crop of films on army life. All the others are probably better. This Wallace Beery special is our old favorite about the stalwart veteran who apparently gets booted out of the army in disgrace, but is really cooperating with Lewis Stone to track down the spy ring. He stops the train loaded with soldiers and tanks at the very edge of the destroyed bridge; he discomfits the villains single-handed; he gets reinstated with another medal, and his girl loves him again. We used to like this, when we were six; but not when we were seven.

Such actors as Jerome Cowan and Roman Bohnen deserve something better than small parts as unconvincing spies; and the army of the United States deserves a good deal more than this cynically phony plot. The film does manage to have a good deal of power and impressiveness in its swift shots of actual field maneuvers; brilliantly photographed and combined, this material might have made a good documentary instead of a bad thriller. Please, please do not ever again show us Wally Beery weeping bitterly over a rear view of a dead horse.

THE VOICES of Selznick and MGM are loud in praise of national unity, yet they have just, with peculiar obtuseness, reissued *Gone With the Wind*. No one needs to be told that this four-hour explosion of technicolor is an offensive racist and fascist plea for disunion; no one, apparently, but its makers. The attenuated graces of Vivien Leigh will hardly compensate Americans for being told to hate each other on geographical, racial, political, or any other grounds that might please the fifth column. An organized protest to the film's producers and New York's Astor Theater ought to be in order.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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10-30—British, Chinese and Russian War Relief, **Art and the Stars,** Exhibit of paintings loaned by stars of stage, screen and radio, Demotte Galleries, 39 East 51st St.

10—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings, Harry Granick, "Small Hero and the War Between," commentators Alex L. Crosby, Isidor Schneider, Muriel Draper, chairman, 237 East 61st, 8:30 P.M.

10—I.W.O. West Side Forum, William Blake on "Transformation of Man in War Period," 220 West 80th St., 9 P.M.

11—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group, **"What Makes the Red Army Tick,"** Prof. Kazakevich, Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50th St., 12:30 P.M.

11—New Theatre Center, **Chez Liberty Cabaret,** Floor Show, 135 W. 44, 9 P.M.-2 P.M.

11 — American People's Chorus, International Night Series No. 2, USSR night, folk songs and dances in costume, Victory Room, Irving Plaza, 15th St. and Irving Pl., N. Y. C.

12—NEW MASSES, Rally for Defense of New Masses and Freedom of the Press, distinguished speakers, distinctive entertainment, Manhattan Center, 2:30 P.M.

12—Lower West Bronx Russian War Relief, Concert and Dance Recital, William Howard Taft High School, Bronx, 8:15 P.M.

12 — Retail Forum Dance and Entertainment, Benefit Allied War Relief, Malin Studios, 8:30 P.M.

12—Workers School Forum, Sendar Garlin, Daily Worker Columnist, 35 E. 12 St., 8:30 P.M.

12—School for Democracy, **Trade Union Night,** Michael Quill and other Speakers, Entertainment, refreshment and dancing, 13 Astor Pl., 7:30 P.M.

13 — The Protestant Magazine, Victory meeting, a Te Deum to celebrate heroic achievements of Russia's fighting people, pageant, speakers, singers, Carnegie Hall, 8 P.M.

13—Writers School Spring term, special courses, National Defense, Morris Watson, Alex Crosby. Write for details, Writers School, 381 4th Ave.

14—Musicians Group of Friendship House, Recital, WQXR quartet, Benefit Allied War Relief, 35 East 62nd, N. Y. C.

18 — Crown Heights Allied War Relief, Jamboree, Del, Josh White, Dancing, etc. 1190 St. Johns Pl., B'klyn, N. Y.

18—School for Democracy, **Concert,** "In Time of Battle—Music for Victory," Town Hall.

24—New Masses 3rd annual **Art Auction** continued, ACA Gallery, 26 W. 8 St., 8 P.M.

25—American People's Chorus, Concert, **United Nations Night,** songs and dances of the Allied Nations, in costume, Victory Room, Irving Plaza, 15th St. & Irving Pl.

25 — Peter V. Cacchione Association of Bklyn., 1st annual ball, program. Hotel St. George, Brooklyn.

May

2—Allaben Acres, Reunion & Dance, place to be announced.

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